The Anti-Slavery Bugle.

BENJAMIN S. JONES, EDITOR. "NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS." ANN PEARSON, PUBLISHING AGENT.

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The Anti-Slavery Bugle.

From the Independent.

JOHN BROWN'S SPEECH FROM THE SCAFFOLD.

It seems to be settled that John Brown will be hung according to the sentence of the Court at Charlestown. It can hardly be hoped that the average sentiment of justice, honor, and humanity in Virginia, as exhibited during his trial, will permit Governor Wise to respite the old man long enough for the Court of Appeals to re-examine his case, and inquire whether the lower Court has not acted upon a faulty indictment, or mistaken an insane man for a criminal. The Slave Power demands revenge for the disturbance of its security and peace. It cannot feel safe until the last of the score of invaders who stormed its citadel is destroyed;—will it feel any safer then?

That John Brown will make any concession or retraction, that he will yield to fear or acknowledge guilt, that he will do anything but vindicate the principle upon which he has acted, and condemn to the last the system of slavery which he aimed to overthrow, no man who knows his history and has marked his deportment during his trial and imprisonment, will for one moment imagine. The speech which he will utter from the scaffold will become historical;—taking rank with those dying words of patriots, heroes, and martyrs which have become the watchwords of after-generations in the great conflicts and triumphs of freedom and truth. We doubt indeed, whether the chivalry of Virginians will so far conquer their cowardice as to suffer Brown to speak at all before the fatal noose is tied. And therefore, he would do well to deposit his last testimony in writing with some trusty friend who will see that it reaches the public eye. Perhaps the justice which hurried a sick and wounded man through the mockery of a trial, may permit him the mockery of attempting to speak amid the din of drums, and the hootings of the crowd. Doubtless the precautions of the sheriff against an imaginary rescue, will so surround the gallows with a military guard, that no reporter shall be able to carry away a word of what Brown may utter. But spoken or unspoken, there will go forth from that scaffold a speech that will stir the land.

There are sentiments of human nature which are universal, spontaneous, and unconquerable. Honor to *bravery* in whatever cause; honor especially to one who shows unflinching pluck for what he deems the right; honor pre-eminently to one who perils or sacrifices himself in a generous deed for others—the common sentiment of mankind awards this as its spontaneous tribute. The age of hero-worship has not gone by; the sentiments that prompt to this are not [illegible]. Not they alone who approve the *object* of Brown's ill-fated effort, but they equally who disapprove that, feel in their inmost souls a response of admiration for the brave and generous old man. They know that such purposes as his are not fitly requited by the scaffold. And this feeling is strongest among those rougher and sturdier men who know enough of personal bravery to admire it in another, and among the hard-fisted sons of toil, who know the worth of a generous deed in behalf of the wronged. John Brown's speech to the Court has found its echo in such sentiments, and the speech from his scaffold will deepen that response.

That scaffold will say to the North,—This is the bloody, the insatiable tyranny of slavery. The very existence of that system demands that freemen shall be for ever silent in its presence; that the voices of our revolutionary sires shall be hushed; and that whoever shall speak or plan or act for the overthrow of slavery, shall pay for his temerity with his life, if ever he shall come within the grasp of its arm. This is the first lesson. That scaffold demands of all the North, Will ye also be slaves?

That scaffold will say to the South,—This must henceforth be the price of our slaves and of our security; a system of terror maintained in all our borders, the surveillance of despotism over the stranger and the citizen alike, counting it a crime to speak of emancipation, or to lift a finger to relieve the slave, or to relieve society of this burden. The South may at first obey the behests of this new terrorism, but by-and-by will count the cost. The lesson of that scaffold upon the ethics and economics of slavery, will be greater than all that has yet been said against the system.

That scaffold will speak to the opponents of slavery words of lofty inspiration. It will remind them that theirs is a work of conscience and of right, which no hindrance can check, which no violence can put down. A deeper earnestness, a more heroic self-sacrifice, will henceforth possess the minds of all good and true men in opposition to slavery. John Brown as a leader they might not have trusted while living; John Brown as an exemplar in conscientious and unfaltering discharge of duty, they will emulate when he is dead.

But the most deep and emphatic utterance of that scaffold will be to the slave. The public execution of John Brown and his associates will be talked of in every cabin of the South. Men who cannot read will catch the whispers of the wind, and all who are in bonds will know—by that telegraphic sympathy which makes the oppressed so quick to hear and feel—that free white men were brave enough to die in the attempt to give freedom to the slave. That scaffold will proclaim the insurrection it is designed to subdue. That scaffold will arouse in the hearts of the oppressed, the determination to brave death itself for liberty. And here endeth its last lesson, in lines of fire and blood.

INDICTED FOR SEDITION.—The grand jury at Norfolk, Va., have found a true bill of indictment against S. Danenberg, who keeps a clothing and shoe store in that city, for seditious language, calculated to incite insurrection.

The first count charged him with having used the words, "John Brown was a good man, and was fighting in a good cause, and did nothing but what any other honest man would do." And the second count charged that he had uttered the following expressions: "John Brown was fighting in a good cause," (meaning that he was fighting in the cause of the slave against the master,) "and that owners have no right of property in their slaves," and said that "Brown did nothing but what any other honest man would do." His case will come on early in the present term of the Superior Court, now in session.

A RACY CORRESPONDENCE.

WILL REV. A. PRYNE ANSWER?

KNOXVILLE, Oct. 25th, 1859.

REV. A. PRYNE—SIR: In my debate with you in Philadelphia, I threw up to you, your agency in stealing negroes, and the fact that you were a stockholder in an Underground Railroad, having its depot at Syracuse. Nay, I charged you with assisting in raising funds to send out certain murderous ruffians to Kansas. When you came to reply, you used this language, which will be found, on page 299 of our Debate, in your fifth and last speech.

'And let me tell you, freedom in Kansas was secured by a firm resistance to this spirit of slavery. Do you think it was Congressional speeches that secured freedom in Kansas? You are greatly mistaken; it was GLORIOUS OLD JOHN BROWN WITH HIS ARMED MEN. The Demon of Slavery was beaten back, because he and his brave band were on the ground to let her minions know that they had caught the spirit of '76, and were ready to fight for freedom. While on the subject, *excuse a little egotism. I am proud to say that before* JOHN BROWN *went to Kansas*, I HAD THE PRIVILEGE, *in an Anti-Slavery Convention at Syracuse, of moving a resolution to buy rifles for him and his boys.* I made a speech in favor of the resolution, and though it did not escape opposition, it was carried through *enthusiastically*; the collection was taken up, and JOHN BROWN AND HIS BOYS were assisted to buy *rifles*!'

Now, Sir, your 'glorious old John Brown and his Boys,' were the originators of the late revolt at Harper's Ferry, according to their own confession. The boys are dead, killed in the engagement, and 'old John' was wounded, and will shortly be hung, as *you deserve* to be, upon your own testimony. Had you, as a 'Preacher of Righteousness,' exhorted the old scoundrel, and his villainous boys, to repentance and faith, they might have become religious, instead of dying in this disgraceful act of rebellion and going to Hell, as they doubtless have done. Shame on you, vile hypocrite!

This old Kansas free-soil ruffian, *Brown*, might never have committed the disorder, plunder, and *murder, at Ossawatomie*, had you not in the Syracuse Convention, raised funds to equip them Brown and his boys, and the whole set of marauders, mischief makers, bad men, public plunderers and murderers, who have been arrested at Harper's Ferry, might have escaped the gallows! How do you feel, you hypocritical philanthropist, when you reflect that you have urged this old murderous villain on to death and Hell?

When I told you, in my second speech, of being the dirty tool of *Gerrit Smith*, a rich abolitionist, and an Ex-Member of Congress, but then the Liberty candidate for Governor of New York, you replied as will be seen on page 130, of our Debate:

'And the best thing to be said yet of Gerrit Smith's good deeds in that direction, is, that he is to-day on the stump in my own glorious Empire State, as a candidate for Governor, under the pledge that if he should be elected, and an effort should be made to take a fugitive slave from the State of New York, *he will call out the whole military force of the State to resist it*! And, gentlemen, let me say, that when this debate shall have been concluded, I shall, with pleasure, hasten home to my native State, to take the stump for Mr. Smith.'

Now, your would-be Governor of New York, is found to be connected with 'glorious old John Brown,' in this infinitely infernal insurrection, and a letter has been found in Brown's possession from Smith, inclosing him a check to aid him in his work, endorsed by a New York Bank. Gov. Wise, of Virginia, has this letter, and will, as a matter of course, make a requisition upon Gov. Morgan, of New York, for the vile incendiary and murderer, and if he shall refuse to give up Smith, Wise will call out the whole military force of the State of Virginia, and send after him. Thus it will be seen, that troubles await your patriotic friends engaged in this Harper's Ferry expedition, and they are said to be numerous!

But, Mr. Pryne, I believe you to be engaged in this same insurrection. Not only will your letters be found in the possession of 'glorious old John Brown and his boys,' but I believe you will turn out to have been there in person, under the assumed name of *Stevens*. Such a man is described in one of my exchange papers, as having made his escape. This is the description given, and it is *yours*, Mr. Pryne, to the life.

'Said Stevens is about 5 feet 7 inches high; sallow complexion, dark hair, inclining to be sandy, beard on his face and chin long, but not heavy. He is quick spoken, fierce and excitable, with quite a store of information on all subjects.'

This description suits you. The *cowardice* in absconding, and leaving 'glorious old John Brown' to help himself, also suits you. Add to this, your challenge to me of last month, dated at Williamson, N. Y., to renew the debate on Slavery, which was intended to throw us off our guard, as to your whereabouts, and it is clear to my mind that you were in this movement. And until you prove where you was on the 16th, 17th, and 18th, days of October, 1859, I shall regard you as one of the murderous and cowardly hypocrites, in the Harper's Ferry insurrection, under a false and assumed name!

You are mistaken, Mr. Pryne, in the character of the Virginians. You counted on the *Letcher party* acting with your 'glorious old' leader, but it seems they did not come to your rescue. The Southern Democrats will vote with you in elections, and thank you to support their nominees, in all Presidential contests, but when you come into the South heading an insurrection, they will take you up and hang you, and appropriate your pikes, revolvers, Sharp's rifles, and camp equipage!

But, sir, you are all mistaken in your estimates, and the result of this outbreak shows that you are a deluded pack. So far as your insurrectionary movements are concerned, we are not alarmed in the South. Not a single slave joined you in this miserable Harper's Ferry enterprise, and for the good and sufficient reason that they are not dissatisfied with their condition. I am astonished that a man of your reading has not long since been convinced that negroes can never combine, so as to have an extended and simultaneous movement. No ten plantations can ever form a combination without being discovered. The Chartists, in their movements in England, some years ago, were unable to combine, and were routed and dispersed without any trouble. The Canadians, in their revolt, some years ago, failed to combine, and were dispersed in confusion and disgrace. Neither the Irish Patriots of '98, nor the reckless pack associated with the notorious *John Mitchel*, in a more recent movement, could combine, and they were forced to abscond.

But if negroes could combine, they have no firearms, and no experience in their use. Dunmore offered all the slaves freedom, who would join him in the Revolution, and they refused to enlist. The Tories took to him enough to constitute a regiment, and in the hour of trial they refused to fight against the whites. In South Carolina, during the war of the Revolution, the negroes acted with their masters, and it is a matter of record, that the Whig negroes rendered Gen. Green great service. In 1812, Gen. Ross, by proclamation, offered freedom to all slaves who would join him, and he got none! When he landed at a large plantation to take a number on board, they all took to flight, and carried with them to a place of safety, their mistress and her children! They were of opinion that Ross and his men wanted to put them in their pockets. Our negroes in the South have lost all confidence in Northern Abolitionists, and believe that they are only stealing them for purposes of speculation.

Once more: the Greeks, who held vast numbers of slaves, never suffered from insurrections. Sparta, Athens, and Troy, had *eight* slaves to *one* freeman and in most cases they were as intelligent as their owners, but there were no insurrections among them. The *Jews*, who had to strengthen themselves by enslaveing the Edomities, before they could take Canaan, never suffered from an insurrection, though their slaves were their superiors in point of intelligence. The Slaves in Rome were two to one, when compared with their owners and nothing like an insurrection occurred. The greatest defeat Hannibal met with in Italy, was at the hands of legions of slaves under Sempronius. Rome, it is well known, grew in power, as she increased the number of her slaves, and never suffered from an insurrectionary movement. On one or two occasions only, was any trouble given by slaves, and this was occasioned by the conduct of deserting Roman soldiers when the slaves were in the right.

History records but one successful insurrection in our hemisphere, and that was in St. Domingo, in 1791. The Island then contained 800,000 inhabitants, of whom only 50,000, or the sixteenth part of the population were whites. That movement was stimulated by low down, enervated and vicious white persons, like 'glorious old John Brown and his boys,' who envied the Spanish and French planters. These facts are briefly sketched and drawn from as reliable an author as our country affords now lying before me. I have submitted them with a view to show you how foolish a scheme you are engaged in. I say *you* because I honestly believe you have been at Harper's Ferry in person, and ingloriously fled, when danger stared you in the face. If you were not there in person, your letters to 'glorious old John Brown' are in the possession of Gov. Wise, showing that you *were* aiding and abetting in this murderous work. I hope the letters will be published, and that a requisition will be made upon the New York Governor for you. Should you be brought to Virginia and hung, it will be a curious fact, if I am there, and present on the scaffold, to administer to you in your dying agonies, the consolations of the Gospel!

You recollect, that in our discussion at Philadelphia, only thirteen months ago, you notified me that Slaveholders in the South would be made to sleep with Revolvers under their pillows at night. This Harper's Ferry insurrection is the opening of the campaign, resulting disastrously to the scoundrels associated with you. We have put some of your party to sleep with *cold planks* under their heads, and others of you we intend shall sleep with *ropes around your necks*. Hoping to hear from you soon, I have the honor to be, &c.,

G. W. BROWNLOW,
Editor of the Knoxville Whig.

CERTAINLY!—WILL YOU PUBLISH MY ANSWER?

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Nov. 9, 1859.

REV. W. G. BROWNLOW—*Sir:* On my return from a brief visit to Canada, I find your printed letter under date of Oct. 25th. Under ordinary circumstances I should not reply to such a letter. If it had been written by a man who could be fairly held morally responsible for preserving the decencies of civilized life in his correspondence, it would be treated with silent contempt. But each man must be judged somewhat in the light, or darkness, of his surroundings. One in a state of society much worse than that which obtained in the dark ages, trained up under a system which regards cradle-robbing as a Christian virtue, and man-stealing as a mark of exalted piety, cannot be expected to write a letter up to the standard of modern civilization. I should not refuse to answer a letter from a Cannibal, because it was uncourteous, or from a Thug, because it was indecent. Regarding you, therefore, as an off-shoot of Tennessee heathenism, a sort of fungus growth of Tennessee barbarism, I have concluded to fortify myself with such disinfecting agents as are at hand, and go through with the task of answering your letter. I do not reply to W. G. Brownlow, simply, but to the spirit of Southern slavery, speaking through him as its passive medium.—That spirit I am disposed to meet, whether it comes through the medium of

'The mildest mannered man
That ever scuttled ship or cut a throat,'

or speaks through the pen of the most boorish ranter that ever robbed a cradle. I make this explanation, that the public may understand why your barbarous epithets cannot be regarded by me as a ground of personal offense.

You begin your letter by a reference to our old debate, and quote what you declare to have been my reply to your charge of aiding slaves to escape. You will find my definite reply to that taunt on page 287 of our debate, as follows:

'My opponent asks me tauntingly whether I have not stock in the "underground railroad!"—whether I would assist a fugitive slave in making his escape? I answer, without hesitation, that if a poor negro, fleeing from Southern oppression should come to my door at night, asking for shelter and a bed, I would give him the best bed in my humble house; and should any kidnapper come in pursuit of him, I happen (though not a man of war) to have in my possession an old rifle, which would do good service in defending him.'

I have nothing to add on this head, except that my armament has been somewhat increased since that time, and I trust that discipline and experience has added to my precision in the use of weapons; and I am not only disposed to defend slaves, while they may be my guests, but to seek by all means to facilitate their escape, whether singly or by thousands. This, instead of being slave-stealing, is only restoring the slave to self-possession and plucking him out of the hands of the piratical masters who stole him from his mother's bosom; and since I commenced this letter, I have taken a fine looking young mulatto man, aged 20, from my house to the next station on the Underground Railroad.

You charge me with having aided John Brown and his sons to arm themselves against the ruffian border of barbarians who invaded Kansas. Truth compels me to say, with regret, that I did so little in that good work, that you do me too much honor in calling public attention to the matter. Among the privileges which have been denied me because of being poor, none have been foregone with more keen regret, than that of putting the 'sinews of war' in the hands of just such men as the Browns to aid in their 'Kansas work.' Had the means been at my command, I would have given arms not only to Brown and his sons, but to hundreds of others during the Kansas war.

You intimate that if I had, 'as a Preacher of Righteousness,' exhorted Brown, 'he might have become religious,' and been saved from Hell. If by 'the religious,' you mean accepting the [illegible] which you preach, I thank God that I never conspired against the old Christian hero's soul, by seeking to damn him with such a religion. It is because he was too humane, too honest and too just to be corrupted by your cradle robbing religion, that his martyr soul will ascend from the hands of his fiendish executioners to the bosom of a God who hates oppression and the oppressor's cant. You do not seem to know that John Brown is a man of prayer, and that, like Gideon, he wielded the 'sword of the Lord,' as well as the sword of George Washington, which he plucked from the hands of his unworthy descendants, who have speculated in the very bones of the father of American liberty. Glorious old man! He not only revives in his own person, the heroic religion of Samuel, Elisha, and Elijah, showing the same hatred of tyrants and oppressors, the same high trust in God, and the same sublime contempt for danger and death which made their lives sublime; but Providence puts into his hand the type of our own country's heroic age, in the sword of George Washington. I can but regard it as a wonderful coincidence that this sword should fall into the only hand which America has yet produced worthy to grasp its consecrated hilt. Before you talk flippantly of teaching John Brown religion, go to him and learn how to live a life of obedience to God and love for man, and how to die in a faith which no tyrants can shake, no dangers appal. Look upon that serene, undaunted soul, as it transfigures that shattered body, covered with wounds, racked with pain, and surrounded by mocking fiends thirsting for his blood, and stand awe struck and abashed, in the presence of a heroic and sublime type of Christian faith, which you can never appreciate.

Your next point is a threat that Gov. Wise shall call out the whole military force of Virginia, and march into New York after Gerrit Smith. In this paragraph you are true to your long established reputation. You are a joker of bad jokes, a generator of vile attempts at wit, which you generally mistake for sense and argument. You are now an old man, and it is a fitting climax to a life spent in borrowing among the refuse of the current newspaper literature of your times, after odoriferous morsels of bastard humor, that your latest production in that line should be a proposition to send the Bombastes Furioso, who now governs Virginia, at the head of his hysterical militia, to capture a citizen of New York. Nothing could be more broadly humorous than a proposition to send the military power of a State, just frightened into spasms of cowardice by John Brown and his twenty followers, who *surrounded* and took a Virginia town of 2000 people, holding them prisoners for two days, in defiance of all the fighting material that Virginia could muster, compelling her to shriek frantically for United States marines, to capture an Engine House, held by six white men and three negroes. You have out-done yourself in perpetrating this cream of jokes. Only add the threat to come yourself *as chaplain*, and the champion fool's cap of the world shall be yours. Come along, and we will do our best to have you, and the Virginia 'military force,' accompanied by half a dozen junior members of the New York police, to prevent the little boys and girls from frightening you back from too eager curiosity to see the show.

Your next paragraph is an effort to prove that I was at *'Harper's Ferry'* in person. Your argument on this point is quite ingenious and impressive. The grouping together of sandy hair and sallow complexion, rather staggered me at first, or I might have been convinced. Still I might have worn a wig, and my face might have been a little powder-smoked; and if your argument should fail to convince Gov. Wise, you have my full consent to amend your pleadings in these particulars.—The height must be nearly correct, and as to the 'fund of general information,' I own up with pleasure. Besides, I have no principles which would have prevented my presence on that occasion, for I have long maintained the right of the slave to secure his freedom, though he should march to it over the graves of thousands of his oppressors.—I feel a little delicate about answering questions out of Court, as to my whereabouts on the 16th, 17th and 18th days of October, 1859, but when a Virginia court shall put me to the proof, I hope to be able to show that I was at my post, and doing good service in the cause of freedom.

No person engaged in this heroic strike for freedom was at all mistaken in the character of the Virginians. Had it not been well understood that slavery made them cowards, twenty men would not have dreamed of defying the whole power of the State. The event proves that Brown and his men had a perfectly just estimate of Virginia character.

Your argument to prove that slaves cannot be combined to fight for freedom, is belied by the fright which obtains throughout the entire South at this moment. The Virginians now rush to the towns to sleep over night for fear of such combinations; and as I belive, a few years will demonstrate to you practically, the truth that the slaves can and will combine and achieve their freedom. I leave this part of your letter to be answered by 'coming events,' which have already 'cast their shadows before.'

You return again to the proof that I was present with Brown, and smack your lips exultantly over the thought that I am to be hung, and you to act as chaplain. It would be rather a good arrangement for disposing of your opponent in the Philadelphia debate, and quite consistent with the general history of tyrants and man-stealers, who, when foiled in argument, always resort to the *auto-da-fe* and the gallows. But in the argument of the *dramatis-persona*, which you portray as acting on that occasion of so much *personal* interest to me, you assume the wrong place. You have quite mistaken your 'call.' While you have not one characteristic to fit you for a chaplain, you have undoubted genius for a *hangman*, and by putting on the clerical coat, you have robbed Jack Ketch of an able assistant, and wandered widely from your natural vocation.

As for myself, I think that I could bear being hung in so good a cause as that of human freedom, with a fair share of Christian courage and resignation. But though Virginians are very cruel when frightened, I trust that no court who knows you would be so fiendish as to add to the comparative mild sentence of being hung, that most terrible stretch of barbarism, of compelling me to listen to the 'consolations' of your style of gospel. No, no! hang me if you can fairly make out a case against me; but in the name of heavenly compassion, save me from Wise's lectures and your prayers.

Thus have I answered your letter. If the answers are not quite satisfactory; if the information you sought is not definitely obtained, you can try again. Experience is necessary to success in all trades. The parasites, pimps and informers, who always revolve around tyrants, are not an exception to this law. Titus Oates did not attain to his great celebrity as a hunter of heresy and treason all at once. He was compelled to roll up his eyes toward heaven and cry 'Auh, Laird!' many times before he could make a brutal court believe his protestations. You can take courage from his illustrious example. Should Gov. Wise fail to be convinced by your argument to prove that I was at Harper's Ferry, he will probably pay you the guerdon of a spy and informer—for there is a field just being opened by the current events on American history, where such men as you will be needed. Harper's Ferry may prove as great a 'God send' to you, as did the Star Chamber to that swarm of treason hunters, and government informers, who crawled out of the cellars of London to sun themselves around the court of Charles. So, sharpen your wits and cultivate your power of scent, for the market is opening for creatures of your instincts.

You speak of my sending you a challenge to renew our debate on Slavery. You are mistaken. I sent you a note enquiring whether you was ready to fulfill your original challenge to debate the question in a tour through the North. You say you are yet unable to speak. Very well. I now propose a *written* discussion, to be published in your paper, and also in some northern paper of equal circulation. This plan will free you from the necessity of any vocal exertion. Should it meet your views, write me as to details. Direct your reply to me at Rochester, New York.

A. PRYNE.

A TOUCHING PRAYER.

[On the Sunday next following the Harper's Ferry blow for freedom, the following prayer was offered at the Shiloh Presbyterian Church, (colored), in New York.

'Oh! Father, we long to put before thee this afternoon the melancholy condition of the millions of our brethren now in chains. Oh! give them thy help and assistance, so that they may come forth and worship according to their consciences! May the day soon come when slavery shall be no longer on the earth—when the principals of humanity shall be established—when justice shall reign supreme, and slavery having passed away, we may meet together a happy people improved in knowledge and goodness. *Father*, we pray for mercy upon the thousands and tens of thousands of broken-hearted mothers, who mourn because their darling little ones have been snatched from their bosoms. We should remember, as we look around upon our own happiness and domestic comforts, and pray earnestly that it will not be long before all the people of this land shall enjoy similar blessings. *Father*, remember them as their tears have fallen upon this soil as blood drops upon the earth, and enable them without the shedding of blood, oh Lord, to walk in the path of duty; break the heart of the oppressor, and palsy his arm, that he may be compelled to let the imprisoned go free. May our *friends* stand firm in this hour of trial, and may they prove heroic and be multiplied in numbers a thousand-fold, until this foul system and curse of the land, and the shame of its people, shall be no longer among us. Father, we would also remember our brethren in a certain portion of the land now suffering in prison, and who are destined to an ignominious death because they have been the friends of humanity and liberty. Hurl confusion into the counsels of their oppressors, and, if they must perish, grant that for every drop of blood which shall flow, thousands and hundreds of thousands may rise up to the cause of bleeding and down-trodden humanity, and the great jubilee be hastened when not a slave shall burthen our land or any other land under the sun. Grant, Our Father, that all now in suffering circumstances may be prepared to meet them, and when we come to die, take us home to heaven, where we shall praise the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit! Amen!'

LYDIA MARIA CHILD'S REPLY TO GOV. WISE.

In your civil but very diplomatic reply to my letter, you inform me that I have a constitutional right to visit Virginia, for peaceful purposes, in common with every citizen of the United States. I was perfectly well aware that such was the theory of constitutional obligation in the Slave States; but I was also aware of what you omit to mention, viz: that the Constitution has in reality, been completely and systematically nullified whenever it suited the convenience or the policy of the Slave Power. Your constitutional obligation, for which you profess so much respect, has never proved any protection to citizens of the Free States who happen to have a black, brown, or yellow complexion; nor to any white citizen whom you even suspect of entertaining opinions opposite to your own, on a question of vast importance to the temporal welfare and moral example of our common country. This total disregard of constitutional obligation has been manifested not merely by the Lynch law of mobs in the Slave States, but by the deliberate action of magistrates and legislators. What regard was paid to constitutional obligation in South Carolina, when Massachusetts sent the Hon. Mr. Hoar there as an envoy, on a purely legal errand? Mr. Hedrick, Professor of Political Economy in the University of North Carolina, had a constitutional right to reside in that State. What regard was paid to that right, when he was driven from his home, merely because he considered Slavery an impolitic system, injurious to the prosperity of the States? What respect for constitutional rights was manifested by Alabama, when a bookseller in Mobile was compelled to flee for his life because he had, at the special request of some of the citizens, imported a few copies of a novel that everybody was curious to read? Your own citizen, Mr. Underwood, had a constitutional right to live in Virginia, and vote for whomsoever he pleased. What regard was paid to his rights, when he was driven from your State for declaring himself in favor of the election of Fremont? With these, and a multitude of other examples before your eyes, it would seem as if the less was said about respect for constitutional obligation at the South, the better. Slavery is, in fact, an infringement of all law, and adheres to no law, save for its own purposes of oppression.

You accuse Capt. John Brown of "whetting knives of butchery for the mothers, sisters, daughters, and babies" of Virginia; and you inform me of the well known fact that he is "arraigned for the crimes of murder, robbery and treason." I will not here stop to explain why I believe that old hero to be no criminal, but a martyr to righteous principle which he sought to advance by methods sanctioned by his own religious views, though not by mine. Allowing that Capt. Brown did attempt a scheme in which murder, robbery, and treason were, to his own consciousness, involved, I do not see how Gov. Wise can consistently arraign him for crimes he has himself commended. You have threatened to trample on the Constitution, and break the Union, if a majority of the legal voters in these Confederated States dared to elect a President unfavorable to the extension of Slavery. Is not such a declaration proof of premeditated treason? In the Spring of 1842, you made a speech in Congress, from which I copy the following:

"Once set before the people of the Great Valley the conquest of the rich Mexican Province, and you might as well try to stop the wind. This Government might send its troops, but they would run over them like a herd of Buffalo. Let the work once begin, and I do not know that this House would hold me very long. Give me five millions of dollars, and I would undertake it myself. Although I do not understand how to set a single squadron in the field, I would find men to do it. Slavery should pour itself abroad without restrain, and find no limit but the Southern Ocean. The Camanches should no longer hold the richest mines of Mexico. Every golden image which had received the profanation of a false worship, should soon be melted down into good American eagles. I would cause as much gold to cross the Rio del Norte as the mules of Mexico could carry; aye, and I would make better use of it, too, than any lazy bigoted priesthood under heaven."

When you thus boasted that you and your "booted loafers" would overrun the troops of the United States "like a herd of buffalo," if the Government sent them to arrest your invasion of a neighboring nation, at peace with the United States, did you not pledge yourself to commit treason? Was it not by the murder of unoffending Mexicans that you expected to advance those schemes of avarice and ambition? What humanity had you for Mexican "mothers and babes," whom you proposed to make childless and fatherless? And for what purpose was this wholesale massacre to take place? Not to right the wrongs of any oppressed class; not to sustain any great principles of justice, or of freedom; but merely to enable "Slavery to pour itself forth, without restraint."

Even if Captain Brown were as bad as you paint him, I should suppose he must naturally remind you of the words of Macbeth:

"We but teach
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
To plague the inventor: This even-handed justice
Commands the ingredients of our poisoned chalice
To our own lips."

If Captain Brown intended, as you say, to commit treason, robbery, and murder, I think I have shown that he could find ample authority for such proceedings in the public declarations of Gov. Wise. And if, as he himself declares, he merely intended to free the oppressed, where could he read a more forcible lesson than is furnished by the State Seal of Virginia? I looked at it thoughtfully before I opened your letter; and though it had always appeared to me very suggestive, it never seemed to me so much so as it now did in connection with Captain John Brown. A liberty loving hero stands with his foot upon a prostrate despot; under his strong arm, manacles and chains lie broken; and the motto is "*Sic Semper Tyrannis*," "Thus be it ever done to Tyrants." And this is the blazon of a State whose most profitable business is the internal Slave-Trade! In whose highways coffles of human chattles, chained and manacled, are frequently seen! And the Seal and the Coffles are both looked upon by other chattles, constantly exposed to the same fate! What if some Vesey, or Nat Turner, should be growing up among those apparently quiet spectators? It is in no spirit of taunt or of exultation, that I ask this question. I never think of it but with anxiety, sadness, and sympathy. I know that a slaveholding community necessarily lives in the midst of gunpowder; and, in this age, sparks of free thought are flying in every direction. You cannot quench the fires of free thought and human sympathy by any process of cunning or force; but there is a method by which you can effectually wet the gunpowder. England has already tried it, with safety and success. Would that you could be persuaded to set aside the prejudices of education, and candidly examine the working of that experiment! Virginia is so richly endowed by nature that Free Institutions alone are wanting to render her the most prosperous and powerful of the States.

In your letter, you suggest that such a scheme as Captain Brown's is the natural result of the opinions with which I sympathise. Even if I thought this to be a correct statement, though I should deeply regret it, I could not draw the conclusion that humanity ought to be stifled, and truth struck dumb, for fear that long-successful despotism might be endangered by their utterance. But the fact is, you mistake the source of that strange outbreak. No abolition arguments or denunciations, however earnestly, loudly, or harshly proclaimed, would have produced that result. It was the legitimate consequence of the continual and constantly increasing aggressions of the Slave-Power. The Slave States, in their desperate efforts to sustain a bad and dangerous institution, have encroached more and more upon the liberties of the Free States. Our inherent love of law and order, and our superstitious attachment to the Union, you have mistaken for cowardice; and rarely have you let slip any opportunity to add insult to aggression.

The manifested opposition to Slavery began with the lectures and pamphlets of a few disinterested men and women, who based their movements upon purely moral and religious grounds; but their expostulation were met with a storm of rage, with tar and feathers, brickbats, demolished houses, and other applications of Lynch law. When the dust of the conflict began to subside a little, their numbers were found to be greatly increased by the efforts to exterminate them. They had become an influence in the State too important to be overlooked by shrewd calculators. Political economists began to look at the subject from a lower point of view. They used their abilities to demonstrate that Slavery was a wasteful system, and that the Free States were taxed, to an enormous extent, to sustain an institution which, at heart, two-thirds of them abhorred. The forty millions, or more, of dollars, expended in hunting Fugitive Slaves in Florida, under the name of the Seminole War, were adduced as one item in proof, to which many more were added. At last politicians were compelled to take some action on the subject. It soon became known to all the people that the Slave States had always managed to hold in their hands the political power of the Union, and that while they constituted only one-third of the white population of these States, they held more than two-thirds of all the lucrative, and once honorable offices; an indignity to which none but a subjugated people had ever before submitted. The knowledge also became generally diffused, that while the Southern States *owned* their Democracy at home, and voted *for* them, they also systematically *bribed* the nominally Democratic party at the North, with the offices adroitly kept at their disposal.

Through these, and other instrumentalities, the sentiments of the original Garrisonian Abolitionists became very widely extended in forms more or less diluted. But by far the most efficient colaborers we have ever had have been the Slave States themselves. By denying us the sacred Right of Petition, they roused the free spirit of the North, as it never could have been roused by the loud trumpet of Garrison, or the soul-animating bugle of Phillips. They bought our great slave, Daniel, and, according to their established usage, paid him no wages for his labor. By his cooperation, they forced the Fugitive Slave Law upon us, in violation of all our humane instincts and all our principles of justice. And what did they procure for the Abolitionists by that despotic process?

A deeper and wider detestation of Slavery throughout the Free States, and the publication of Uncle Tom's Cabin, an eloquent outburst of moral indignation, whose echoes wakened the world to look upon their shame.

By filibustering and fraud, they dismembered Mexico, and having thus obtained the soil of Texas, they tried to introduce it as a Slave State into the Union. Failing to effect their purpose by constitutional means, they accomplished it by a most open and palpable violation of the Constitution, and by obtaining the votes of Senators on false pretences.

Soon afterward, a Southern, Slave Administration ceded to the powerful monarchy of Great Britain several hundred thousands of square miles that must have been made into Free States, to which that same Administration had declared that the United States had "an unquestionable right;" and then they turned upon the weak republic of Mexico, and, in order to make more Slave States, wrested from her twice as many hundred thousands of square miles, to which we had not a shadow of right.

Notwithstanding all these extra efforts, they saw symptoms that the political power so long held with a firm grasp was in danger of slipping from their hands, by reason of the extension of Abolition sentiments and the greater prosperity of Free States. Emboldened by continual success in aggression, they made use of the pretence of "Squatter Sovereignty" to break the league into which they had formerly cajoled the servile representatives of our blinded people, by which all the territory of the United States south of "36° 30'" was guaranteed to Slavery, and all north of it to Freedom. Thus Kansas became the battle ground of the antagonistic elements in our Government. Ruffians hired by the Slave Power were sent thither temporarily, to do the voting and drive from the polls the legal voters, who were often murdered in the process. Names copied from the directories of cities in other States were returned by thousands as legal voters in Kansas, in order to establish a Constitution abhorred by her people. This was their exemplification of Squatter Sovereignty. A Massachusetts Senator, distinguished for candor, courtesy, and stainless integrity, was half murdered by slaveholders, merely for having the manliness to state these facts to the assembled Congress of the nation. Peaceful emigrants from the North, who went to Kansas for no other purpose than to till the soil, erect mills, and establish manufactories, schools, and churches, were robbed, outraged, and murdered. For many months a war more ferocious than the warfare of wild Indians was carried on against a people almost unresisting because they relied upon the Central Government for aid. And all this while, the power of the United States, wielded by the Slave Oligarchy, was on the side of the aggressors. They literally tied the stones and let loose the mad dogs. This was the state of things when the hero of Osawatomie and his brave sons went to the rescue. It was he who first turned the tide of Border-Ruffian triumph, by showing them that blows were to be taken as well as given.

You may believe it or not, Gov. Wise, but it is certainly the truth that, because slaveholders so recklessly sowed the wind in Kansas, they reaped the whirlwind at Harper's Ferry.

The people of the North had a very strong attachment to the Union; but, by your desperate measures you have weakened it beyond all power of restoration. They are not your enemies, as you suppose, but they cannot consent to be your tools for any ignoble task you may choose to propose. You must not judge of us by the crawling sinuosities of an Everett; or by our magnificent hound whom you trained to hunt your poor cripples, and then sent him sneaking into a corner to die—not with shame for the base purpose to which his strength had been applied, but with vexation because you withheld from him the promised bone. Not by such as these must you judge the free, enlightened yeomanry of New England. A majority of them would rejoice to have the Slave States fulfill their oft-repeated threat of withdrawal from the Union. It has ceased to be a bugbear, for we begin to despair of being able, by any other process, to give the world the example of a real republic. The moral sense of these States is outraged by being accomplices in sustaining an institution vicious in all its aspects; and it is now generally understood that we purchase our disgrace at great pecuniary expense. If you would only make the offer of a separation in serious earnest, you would hear the hearty response of millions, "Go, gentlemen, and

"Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once!"

Yours with all due respect,
L. MARIA CHILD.

SPEECH OF R. W. EMERSON.

A meeting was recently held in Boston, on a day's notice, and convened on an evening not the most propitious, yet it numbered *two thousand persons, admitted on twenty-five cent tickets*; the proceeds to go to the family of John Brown. Collections were also taken up in the meeting. Ralph Waldo Emerson contributed $40, and the following speech.

Mr. Chairman and Fellow-Citizens: I share the sympathy and sorrow which have brought us together. Gentlemen who have preceded me have well said that no wall of separation could here exist. That commanding event—the sequel of which has brought us together,—eclipses all others which have occurred for a long time in our history, and I am very glad to see that this sudden interest in the hero of Harper's Ferry has provoked an extreme curiosity in all parts of the Republic, in regard to the details of his history. Every anecdote is eagerly sought, and I do not wonder that gentlemen find traits of relation readily between him and themselves. One finds a relation in the church, another in the profession, another in the place of his birth. He was happily a representative of the American republic. Captain John Brown is a farmer, the 5th in descent from Peter Brown, who came to Plymouth in the Mayflower, in 1620. All the six have been farmers. His grandfather, of Simsbury, in Connecticut, was a captain in the Revolution. His father, largely interested as a raiser of stock, became a contractor to supply the army with beef, in the war of 1812, and our Captain John Brown, then a boy with his father, was present and witnessed the surrender of General Hull. He cherished a great respect for his father as a man of strong character, and his respect is probably just. For himself, he is so transparent that all men see him through. He is a man to make friends wherever on earth courage and integrity are esteemed; (applause)—the rarest of heroes, a pure idealist, with no by-ends of his own. Many of you have seen him, and every one who has heard him speak has been impressed alike by his simple artless goodness, joined with his sublime courage. He joins that perfect Puritan faith which brought his 5th ancestor to Plymouth Rock, with his grandfather's ardor in the Revolution. He believes in two articles—two instruments, shall I say—the Golden Rule, and the Declaration of Independence (applause); and he used this expression in conversation here, 'Better that a whole generation of men, women and children should pass away by a violent death, than that one word of either should be violated in this country.' There is a Unionist—there is a strict constructionist for you! (Applause and laughter.) He believes in the Union of the United States, he believes in the Union of America, and he conceives that the only obstruction to the Union is slavery, and for that reason, as a patriot, he works for its abolition. The Governor of Virginia has pronounced his eulogy in a manner that discredits the moderation of our timid parties. His own speeches to the Court have interested the nation in him. What magnanimity, and what innocent pleading, as of childhood! You remember his words—'If I had interfered in behalf of the rich, the powerful, the intelligent, the so-called great, or any of their friends, parents, wives or children, it would all have been right. No man in this court would have thought it a crime. But I believe that to have interfered as I have done, for the despised poor, I have done no wrong, but right.'

It is easy to see what a favorite he will be with history, which plays such pranks with temporary reputations. Nothing can resist the sympathy which all elevated minds must feel with Brown, and through them the whole civilized world; and, if he must suffer, he must drag official gentlemen into an immortality most undesirable, and of which they have already some disagreeable forebodings. (Applause.) Indeed, it is the *reductio ad absurdum* of slavery, when the governor of Virginia is forced to hang a man whom he declares to be a man of the most integrity, truthfulness and courage he has ever met. Is that the kind of a man the gallows is built for? It were bold to affirm that there is within that broad Commonwealth, at this moment, another citizen as worthy to live, and as deserving of all public and private honor, as this poor prisoner.

But we are here to think of relief for the family of John Brown. To my eyes that family looks very large and very needy of relief. It comprises his brave fellow sufferers in the Charlestown jail; the fugitives still hunted in the mountains of Virginia and Pennsylvania; the sympathisers with him in all the States; and, I may say, almost every man who loves the Golden Rule and the Declaration of Independence, like him, and who sees what a tiger's thirst threaten him in the malignity of public sentiment in the slave States. It seems to me that a common feeling joins the people of Massachusetts with him. I said John Brown was an idealist. He believed in his ideas to that extent, that he existed to put them all into action. He did not believe in moral suasion;—he believed in putting the thing through. (Applause.) He saw how deceptive the forms are. We fancy, in Massachusetts, that we are free; yet it seems the Government is quite unreliable. Great wealth,—great population,—men of talent in the Executive, on the Bench,—all the forms right,—and yet life and freedom are not safe. Why? Because the judges rely on the forms, and do not, like John Brown, use their eyes to see the fact behind the forms.

They assume that the United States can protect its witness or its prisoner. And, in Massachusetts, that is true; but the moment he is carried out of the bounds of Massachusetts, the United States, it is notorious, afford no protection at all; the Government, the judges, are an envenomed party, and give such protection as they give in Utah to honest citizens, or in Kansas; such protection as they give to their own Commodore Paulding, when he was simple enough to mistake the formal instructions of his Government for the real meaning. (Applause.) The Judges fear collision between their two allegiances; but there are worse evils than collision; namely, the doing substantial injustice. A good man will see that the use of a Judge is to secure good government, and where the citizen's weal is imperilled by abuse of the Federal power, to use that arm which can secure it, viz: the local government. Had that been done, on certain calamitous occasions, we should not have seen the honor of Massachusetts trailed in the dust, stained to all ages, once and again, by the ill-timed formalism of a venerable Bench. If Judges cannot find law enough to maintain the sovereignty of the State, and to protect the life and freedom of every inhabitant not a criminal, it is idle to compliment them as learned and venerable. What avails their learning or veneration? At a pinch, they are no more use than idiots. After the mischance, they wring their hands, but they had better never have been born. A Vermont Judge, Hutchinson, who has the Declaration of Independence in his heart, a Wisconsin Judge who knows that laws are for the protection of citizens against kidnappers, is worth a court-house full of lawyers so idolatrous of forms as to let go the substance. Is any man in Massachusetts so simple as to believe that when a United States Court in Virginia, now, in its present reign of terror, sends to Connecticut, or New York or Massachusetts, for a witness, it wants him for a witness? No; it wants him for a party; it wants him for meat to slaughter and eat. And your *habeas corpus* is, in any way in which it has been, or, I fear, is likely to be used, a nuisance, and not a protection; for it takes away his right reliance on himself, and the natural assistance of his friends and fellow citizens, by offering him a form which is a piece of paper. But I am detaining the meeting on matters which others understand better. I hope then, that in administering relief to John Brown's family, we shall remember all those whom his fate concerns, all who are in sympathy with him, and not forget to aid him in the best way by securing freedom and independence in Massachusetts.

A WORD IN SEASON.

[Extract of a Sermon, preached in the Baptist Church, Waterford N. Y., Nov. 13, by the Rev. H. A. Guns.]

A few years ago, an aged man of God, widely known and highly esteemed for his many noble qualities of head and of heart, who had in good part led the life of a pioneer, subjected to all its rigorous trials, vicissitudes and reverses, inasmuch as there had been thrown open to the people of this country an extensive and fertile domain, determined to seek a new home in that new land. He did not purpose going there an idler, but to busy himself in unbosoming mother earth, and drawing from her the means of subsistence for himself and family dependents. His determination to emigrate was quickened by the fact that, by a wicked and inexcusable stroke of governmental legerdemain, a solemn compact of many years' standing had been ruthlessly broken and destroyed, and Freedom was in consequence imperilled. *He* was a freeman. In his veins coursed the truest of Liberty's blood. And is it strange that he desired to surround his new home with the elements and the essence of freedom? Soon after accomplishing his journey, and while, one evening, seated with his family, around the hearth-stone, the rattling of horses' hoofs and the clangor of resounding arms were heard. Soon, his dwelling was reduced to ashes by a lawless pro-slavery mob, and his daughter subjected to indignities and cruelties fiendish in the extreme. Following this came the murder of a son—then of another—and the old man barely escaped with his own life. He was left alone in that distant land. Nay, not alone—"for God was with him." The veteran's heart was moved, and his sinews waxed strong as steel. He went forth and bravely and successfully battled for the Right; yet there appeared no vindictiveness in his mien; and he repaid wrongs with kindness—cancelled the shedding of his children's blood by giving freedom to the sable victims of the most superlative piracy man has ever known. But here the curtain drops, and the old man passes from general view for months. At length, he reappears in a section of country at one time, in terms, at least, consecrated to liberty, but now a sort of outpost to a wicked and unmerciful despotism. The old man's personal appearance is materially changed—his locks are whiter, his cheeks more sunken, and a settled melancholy o'erspreads his countenance. He mourns the dead, and commiserates the living. With him are associated some seventeen or eighteen men; and with these the old man expects to "let the oppressed go free." Noble purpose; but O! how rashly, how madly pursued. Mad! By common consent he is so regarded. Lawyers so term him—the public press so term him. It is even said that Mr. Wise so regards him. And I am here reminded of an illustration somewhat in point. Mr. Wise is not the first ruler who has had to do with madmen. King Achish was troubled with one on a certain occasion:

"Then said Achish unto his servants, Lo, ye see the man is mad; wherefore, then, have ye brought him to me? Have I need of madmen, that ye have brought this *fellow* to play the madman in my presence? Shall this *fellow* come into my house?"

Yes; "this fellow" *did* go into the house—the Armory—and occupied it some 48 hours! At length, however, "the house" is assailed by armed men representing two sovereign States and the Federal Government. The assailing party are victorious—the blood of the invaders (two of them sons of the old man) is freely spilled, and the old man himself is captured and thrust into prison. Court immediately convenes; and he, lacerated and bleeding from sabre stabs and bullet wounds, is brought before the august tribunal, and placed on trial. Too weak to stand or sit, he is obliged to lie upon a pallet, and listen to the solemn mockery. He is found guilty, and sentenced to be hanged on the second day of December next—only twenty-three days removed from that day which we observe as the most important in the history of Christianity.

To-day, therefore, in a voice loud enough to be heard wherever foot of man has trod, are the ominous words ringing in the ears of Henry A. Wise, Governor of the Commonwealth of Virginia—"THOU SHALT NOT KILL JOHN BROWN OF OSAWATOMIE!" But will the voice be heeded? Far from it! The Slave Power demands the sacrifice, and it will not be withheld, in his case, nor of those who are convicted with him. But, let it be remembered, *the same cord that encircles the neck of John Brown encircles the neck of Slavery.*

I am not here to defend, much less to applaud, the contemplated insurrection, revolution, or whatever you may choose to call it, of John Brown at Harper's Ferry. What were his full intentions I am not informed. But, whatever they may have been, we can, in this instance, quite readily distinguish between the man and the deed. John Brown was no longer John Brown, but, in at least one respect, he was *Transformed* Brown—given over to the single idea of striking the shackles from the bondman, in his own way, and comparatively oblivious to all things else.

Neither am I here to *condemn* John Brown. That work, in the language of Dr. Cheever, may properly be left in the hands of those dumb dogs that dare not even *yelp* against slavery. Neither have I any words of *rebuke* for John Brown, but an abundance of those of sympathy and commiseration. And there are words of *his* that *I* shall not soon forget, uttered by him just previous to the passing of the sentence of death upon him. And these are the words:

"This Court acknowledge, too, as I suppose, the validity of the law of God. I see a book kissed which I suppose to be the Bible, or at least the New Testament, which teaches me 'That all things whatsoever I would that men should do to me, I should do even so to them.' It teaches me further to remember them that are in bonds as bound with them. I endeavored to act up to that instruction. I say I am yet too young to understand that God is any respecter of persons. I believe that to have interfered, as I have done, as I have always freely admitted I have done, in behalf of His despised poor, is no wrong, but right. But if it is deemed necessary that I should forfeit my life for the furtherance of the ends of justice, and mingle my blood further with the blood of my children and with the blood of millions, in this slave country, whose rights are disregarded by wicked, cruel and unjust enactments, let it be done."

Noble, manly words, these! and they deserve to be emblazoned, in letters of burning light, all along the pathway of life. Condemn this man! Nay; and the future historian, as, with impartial hand, he shall approach the pleasant task of awarding the highest meed of praise to the bravest man of the nineteenth century, his fingers will eagerly seize the pen that shall instinctively and indellibly trace the name of JOHN BROWN, or OSAWATOMIE.

From the Painesville Press.

"THE CRIME OF OLD BROWN."

This is the designation which a large portion of the press apply to the conflict at Harper's Ferry. We protest against such abuse of language. Is it not enough that the brave veteran who dared to strike for Liberty, is struck down by the hirelings of slavery, and now lies wounded and helpless in the prison of malignant and cruel foes, doomed to a speedy death. And will the Northern press, and especially that portion of it which is not sold to the Slave Power, but professes sympathy with freedom and true republicanism, permit itself to share the guilt of that great sacrifice to the Moloch of Slavery, and like the base multitude about the foot of the cross, revile the dying martyr. "The crime of Brown"!!! Is it thus that the bravest effort of our age, prompted by the purest motives that ever swelled the breast of humanity, must be designated, and that too by papers which profess republicanism, and whose editors' cheeks burn with shame and self reproach while they print the base slander. Why do they do it? Do they suppose that party-interest requires such hypocrisy? The contrary is the fact. The popular heart of the North pulsates with sympathy for Brown.—The people are not so servile as the politicians suppose. Nineteen Twentieths of the men, and all the women, in our free land would have rejoiced in his success, and would rejoice now, if 10,000 men should rise to rescue him. This is the universal talk in our streets, our shops and our houses. Why fear to print it. Will it hurt a party to endorse what the people feel and nearly all utter. Let us write the truth upon our banner, and "by this we shall conquer."

What was the "crime" of Brown? That he raised his hand against the giant crime of the nation. That he set himself forth, like Abdiel "faithful among a million faithless," a champion for the truth. Like Wallace, like Hampden, like Sydney, like Warren, but still more like the noble army of Martyrs who have striven and suffered not for their own good but for that of others, he too is sacrificed. The cross, the scaffold, the rack, the stake, the poisoned cup, these are the rewards which the world ever offers to its truest heroes and noblest benefactors, and few even of those who shrink from sharing the crime, have like Pilate the small grace to wash their hands of it and say publicly "I am clear of the blood of this innocent person, see ye to it." As a republican, we claim at least this protest from the party. Let no man who claims to be a republican disclaim sympathy and fellowship with Brown. Let no paper which is not openly and confessedly sold to slavery, or striving to be sold, speak of Brown's attempt as a crime. It was to put down the great ghastly, earth-polluting and heaven defying crime of the age, that he gave his life. He is victorious.—Who that believes in immortality and the eternal reward of the just can think otherwise? With what serene contempt would the old man, now on the brink of eternity, or let us rather say on the threshold of the celestial city, view the offer if the arch-fiend of slavery had the power to present the chair of Wise, or the throne of Buchanan, and all the kingdom of Slavery, and say "all these will I give thee if thou wilt fall down and worship me."

Brown dies victorious. He has done his part. He has not done all he meant, but he has "done the best his circumstances allowed, and angels could do no more." He has inflicted a wound upon the Apollyon of Slavery, slight it is true, but important in this, that it has shown how vulnerable the monster is. This hideous idol which has set itself up as the god of our land, which lords it over our consciences, which utters its blasphemies even in our sanctuaries, which thrusts its bloody code in our courts, scouting the higher law of God and of justice—this demon, whose food is the fruit of lash-driven labor, whose sport is cruelty and whose lusts violate all the virtues and decencies of life, whose highest idea of courage is the butchery of the defenceless, whose chivalry is assassination, whose mission is to make the fairest portion of our land a desert, where no worldly prosperity nor moral worth can ever flourish, and whose poisonous breath taints our northern air, debases our integrity, tarnishes our honor, and bewilders our moral understanding—this unclean, blood-gorging hydra is wounded. The age-stricken but resolute man has made an effective thrust. The coward monster's shrieks have proclaimed its weakness. *Its prestige of power, and pretence of self-reliance is overthrown.* Other hands and in other ways will finish the victory. Yet never will Brown's heroic service be forgotten. His name will be enrolled among Freedom's bravest leaders, and when the last battle shall be won, and our land finally freed from the last trace of Slavery, then future Virginians, worthy of the name, will build the tomb of the martyr Brown, and place his statue with those of Washington, Henry and Jefferson, and say "This was the noblest Roman of them all."

AID FOR THE FAMILY OF JOHN BROWN.

Thaddeus Hyatt, of New York, widely known for his integrity and devotion to Freedom and humanity, has hit upon a good method of raising a fund in the aid of the family of Capt. Brown. He has a photograph presented him by the old man, and a capital likeness. Mr. Hyatt, through the Tribune, proposes on the receipt of a dollar to the Brown Fund to send the donor an exact photograph copy of the original, together with a photograph of his signature, taken at the same time with the likeness. The pictures will be ready to commence delivery on the first of December. The surplus over the cost of photographing, of 75 or 80 cents, will go to the afflicted family. The photographs can be sent by mail, as music is sent at the expense of a stamp, which may be enclosed with the order. Suitable acknowledgment of funds received and applied, will be made from time to time through the Tribune.

The proceeds of 10,000 copies will produce a fund of $8,000 for the benefit of the helpless and afflicted ones. Mr. Hyatt acknowledges the receipt of $35 the day that his notice of a practical way to relieve Capt. Brown's family appeared in the Tribune. Who will not have a picture of the Kansas Hero and Harper's Ferry martyr?—*Cleveland Leader.*

BROWN'S RELIGION.

A correspondent of the Erie *True American*, who recently visited Brown, says:

'Mr. Brown is a member of the old school Presbyterian Church and a decidedly religious man, though he strictly and sternly refuses to be aided in his prayers by the pro-slavery divines of Virginia. One of these gentlemen, in conversation with me, said that he had called on Brown to pray with him. He said Brown asked if he was ready to fight if necessity required it, for the freedom of the slave. On his answering in the negative, Brown said that he would thank him to retire from his cell, that his prayers would be an abomination to his God. To another clergyman he said that he would not insult his God by bowing down with any one who had the blood of the slave upon his skirts."

From the Pittsburgh Gazette.

AN IMPORTANT CASE.

Our readers will remember the case of a Marylander named Myers, who kidnapped some colored men at Carlisle, in this State, and carried them into Maryland, and who was afterwards arrested on this side of the Pennsylvania line and held to answer. At the November term of the Cumberland County Court he was indicted for kidnapping, and put upon his trial. The prosecution was conducted by Judge Watts and A. B. Sharpe, Esq., while Myers was defended by William H. Miller, Esq., of Carlisle, and Bradley T. Johnson, Esq., of Frederick; Jonathan Meredith, Esq., appeared as counsel for the State of Maryland, by appointment of Gov. Hicks. The trial excited a great deal of interest, and as it involved some important questions, which may hereafter become issues between the two States, we refer to it at more than usual length.

The three men arrested at or near Carlisle by Myers, who is a professional slave catcher, were arrested upon the pretence that they were fugitive slaves, and were delivered to those who claimed to be their owners. Myers, after delivering them up, was enticed over the line, near which he resides, by a flaming handbill offering large rewards for more fugitives, and was there arrested by the Sheriff of Cumberland County. It was a part of the plea of the defence that he was enticed over by "fraud and deception."

Upon the trial, which came off last week, it was proved and admitted that one of the negroes was the slave of Hoffman, of Frederick county, and that Myers was duly authorised to capture him; that he did so, and restored him to his owner. It was also proved and admitted that the two other slaves were manumitted in 1854 by the will of their owner, but that in February, 1858, the Orphans' Court of Frederick county, under the law of Maryland, passed an order directing the executor to sell them for a term of years to pay debts, and that shortly after the passage of such order the negroes ran away; that Myers was duly authorised to take them, which he did, and restored them to their owner; that after the death of their owner they had been allowed to live with their husband and father, the slaves of Hoffman, in the neighborhood of the executor in Frederick county, Md.

The counsel for the prosecution asked the court to instruct the jury that under the laws of Maryland a bequest of freedom was a specific legacy; that if the executor allowed them to go at large, it was an assent to such legacy, which could not be recalled, which made them absolutely free, and that therefore the Orphans' Court for Frederick county transcended its powers in passing an order to sell free negroes, and its order and decree was void as to them. In support of this position they cited the case of Fenwick vs. Chapman, decided by the Supreme Court of the United States in 9 Peters. Messrs. Meredith & Johnson for the defence, contended that the court had no jurisdiction to consider the legality of the *claim of service* under which the negroes had been held in Maryland; that the only question for the court and jury to consider was the *fact* whether the negroes were actually held to service or labor in Maryland, and whether they had escaped therefrom, and having so escaped, whether Myers, being duly authorized, had captured them and restored them to their owners.

It was admitted all round that these negroes had been so held in Maryland under her laws, that they had escaped, been recaptured and taken back again. It was argued that a Pennsylvania court could not directly or indirectly try the question as to whether their "holding to service," was *legal or not*. It could only inquire into the *fact* of the holding, *not the legality* of the fact, and that the order and decree of the Orphans' Court for Frederick county was conclusive evidence of their being held to service or labor. That in Maryland the only manner in which the title of a negro to freedom could be established was in a court of law on petition, and that a Pennsylvania court could not try the question *directly or collaterally*.

But the court held, and so instructed the jury, that the question for them to try was whether in fact and in law the negroes were slaves when they escaped from Maryland; that it was proved that they were manumitted under rule; that if afterwards they went at large with the assent of the executor, such going at large amounted to an assent to their legacy of freedom, which made them entitled to their freedom in Maryland, on the authority of Fenwick vs. Chapman, and that, therefore, the defendant was guilty of kidnapping; that the order and decree of the Orphans' Court was conclusive evidence only that the negroes were ordered to be sold, but not that they were slaves, or that the court had any right to pass any such order. If the negroes were free the decree would not make them slaves.

The jury was out for some time, but finally rendered a verdict of guilty. The conviction renders Myers liable to confinement in the penitentiary for not less than five nor more than twelve years, and a fine of not less than $600 for each negro kidnapped. He was convicted of taking *two*.

The court and jury having decided that these negroes were free from the time of their arrest, the question arises, will the Governor of Pennsylvania demand their surrender as kidnapped citizens of this State? If they were white, he undoubtedly would.

The Maryland papers talk of taking this case up on a writ of error to the U. S. Supreme Court, but we do not see, exactly, how it is to be done. In the meantime, Myers will go to *the penitentiary*, where he ought to have been long ago. Whether the ruling of the court shall turn out to be good or bad law, the justice of Myers' sentence cannot fairly be questioned. *The penitentiary is the right place for him and all of his tribe.*

THE SPIRIT OF LIBERTY IS NOT DEAD.

'The crags are piled on his breast,
The earth is heaped on his head;
But the groans of his wild unrest,
Though smothered and half suppressed,
Are heard, and he is not dead.'

No, the spirit of liberty is not dead; and although his slumbers have been long, they are dreamful and uneasy. Though the administrators of this government have piled 'crags' of villainous legislation 'on his breast,' and 'heaped' mounds of unjust judicial decisions on 'his head,' his resurrection hour is hastening on. We had begun to fear that the cause of freedom in this country would die out. The sympathetic excitement which characterised the earliest agitation of the slavery question had fallen mainly into the hands of politicians whose first object was to gain party domination. No political organisation, looking directly to the overthrow of slavery, existed. The church had become weary of being disturbed by the cry of the oppressed, and begun to turn again to the absorbing work of denominational extension. A few brave souls still lifted up their voices from the altars of Zion, to rebuke oppression and speak for the dumb; but the ears of Christians had become familiar with the bondman's cry, and grown dull and heavy because of such familiarity. So much of the anti-slavery sentiment as had survived the re-modeling of parties, and the reconstruction of distracted sects, was passive rather than aggressive, and spent its force in defending its own right to exist, rather than in delivering affirmative blows into the face of slavery. The skies were overcast with the gloom of leaden apathy. We had longed and looked in vain for some power to break the spell of death, which seemed stealing over the cause of American freedom. Our faith groped blindly and waited in desponding suspense. But the cloud has burst; the shock has come, and the quickened blood of our holy cause leaps again to the extremities of the anti-slavery body. John Brown has struck a blow which sends its echoes to the deepest vault of Slavery's prison, and whose resound acts as a trumpet call to the army of liberty. The moral power of our present type of religion seemed exhausted. The highest aim of our best political organization fell far short of the point of true anti-slavery work. On the other hand, slavery was never more impudent in its demands, or more unscrupulously villainous in its modes of self-aggrandisement. The Supreme Court had bowed lower to its dictation than ever before. The entire patronage of the Government had fallen into the hands of a man without conscience, honor or self respect, who had filled the offices under his appointing power with the most ready, most mendacious, and most ruffian-like tools of the brigands who constitute the slave power. The slave trade had again opened its sluices of horror, through which it was pouring hundreds of wretched victims into the bloody maw of this monster crime. The times were big with brooding crimes. The voices of humanity, patriotism, and liberty, were growing faint and throat-stifled. The anti-slavery giants of former years had either died as martyrs to freedom, or become smitten with hopeless despair. It seemed that the blood of Lovejoy and of Torrey must cry from the ground is vain. The index finger of progress seemed to turn backward on the dial, when lo! a new actor stalked upon the scene.

'And the old gods, the austere
Oppressors in their strength,
Stand agast, and white with fear
At the ominous sounds they hear,
And tremble, and mutter, "At length!" '

Yes, 'at length,' the heart nerve of oppression is reached. Slavery could laugh at sermons, and mock at prayers. It could burn documents, and mob lecturers. It has long sneered at arguments and treated appeals as insane rant. With the oppressor there was power. It had entrenched itself behind bulwarks where light never penetrates, and shielded itself by walls which moral considerations could not overturn. Its bulwarks were brute force, its defences were ruffian arms. It scorned argument as mere wasted breath, and treated sermons and texts as the idle wind. But the first crack of John Brown's rifle exploded its fancied security, and awoke its heretofore confident hosts in pale affright, to contemplate the stern reality of a battle with a foe armed with the only weapon it has learned to dread. Its defenders well know that its own garrisons are filled with combustibles, and that they have an enemy in their own camp, who only needs to learn his strength in order to overturn his oppressors. The flash of John Brown's rifle has giventhr oppressors of God's poor a glimpse down intothat long vista of retribution which forms the dark background of coming American history.

Of course the bloody results which may follow will be charged upon the agitators for freedom.—This is the old falsehood of tyrants and oppressors. They drive humanity desperate by cruelty and murder; they outrage justice and murder liberty, until the people are roused to confront them at the sword's point, and then charge the horrors of war, not to their own crimes, but upon the heads of their justly maddened victims. Horrors of war! Why, ten years of slavery murders more victims and produces more indescribable tortures, than was the consequence of the seven years' war for American Independence; and while we glorify our fathers for having expended thousands of lives and millions of treasure, in resisting a tax on tea, shall we shrink and cower under the charge of blood-thirstiness, in view of the short and comparatively bloodless struggle necessary to set four millions of people free from the crushing yoke of inhuman personal slavery? If these masters dread scenes of blood and horror, let them break every yoke and let the oppressed go free.' If they will not do this, on their own heads be the consequences.—*Frederick Douglass' Paper.*

The Anti-Slavery Bugle.

SALEM, OHIO, DECEMBER 3, 1859.

THE BUGLE can be obtained every Friday, of Isaac Trescott, at Steer's Book Store on Main street, Salem, Ohio.

☞ FRANCES ELLEN WATKINS is authorized to obtain subscribers for the Bugle, and to receipt for any monies paid on account of the paper.

☞ ISAAC TRESCOAT is duly authorized to receive all monies on account of subscriptions on the Bugle.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE TO BUGLE,
☞ $1.50 *PER ANNUM, INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.* ☜

OFFICIAL ACTION.

At a stated meeting of the Executive Committee of the Western Anti-Slavery Society held in Salem, Ohio, November 6th, 1859, the following Preamble and Resolution was unanimously adopted:—

Whereas, Captain JOHN BROWN, who has been sentenced by the Government of Virginia to be publicly hung on the 2nd of December next, because of his recent attempt at Harper's Ferry to practically establish upon Virginia soil the doctrines of the Declaration of American Independence; and

Whereas, In that attempt he did only what the charter of our political rights fully authorized him to do, observing in his course toward the foes of humanity, a moderation and a forbearance as unusual among warriors as it was commendable; and although the Western Anti-Slavery Society does not in its organized capacity resort, or propose to resort, to any measures of physical coercion for the overthrow of slavery, yet we, its Executive Committee, recognize in Captain JOHN BROWN, a true friend of impartial liberty, working out his own convictions of right, by means which he believed to be justified of God: therefore

Resolved, That in case Virginia shall persist in executing the sentence of its court upon Captain Brown, we recommend to the members of the Western Anti-Slavery Society, and to all the true friends of freedom in the West, to observe the 2nd of December as a day consecrated to a renewal of their anti-slavery energies, and to an increase of their anti-slavery efforts; and that on that occasion they publicly or privately testify, in such manner as commends itself to their judgment, to their hatred of slavery, and their opposition to that government composed of *Democrats* and *Republicans*, which captured John Brown, and having shot down his sons by his side, handed the old wounded soldier to the authorities of Virginia for the mockery of a trial, and the ignominy of an execution.

Signed on behalf and by direction of Executive Committee:

JOHN GORDEN, *Chairman, pro. tem.*
BENJ. S. JONES, *Secretary.*

NOT MUCH PRACTICALLY.

By an article from the *Pittsburgh Gazette* it will be seen that an important decision has lately been rendered in the Cumberland County Court—or perhaps it would be safer to say that the decision may be made important, but we very much apprehend that it will amount to but little. The Pennsylvania authorities have in their possession the man who was adjudged guilty of kidnapping, and he can easily be sent to the penitentiary, and that without any conflict of jurisdiction between Pennsylvania and Maryland, or any inconvenient question as to State Rights. There is therefore but little doubt the kidnapper will be punished, but who believes that under that decision Gov. Packer will make the least effort to obtain the kidnapped man from Maryland and restore them to freedom? And yet, while both are desirable, the latter consummation is far more devoutly to be wished than the former. But Maryland would have something to say in that case; she might not feel inclined to accede to the demand of Pennsylvania, which would make it exceedingly unpleasant for Gov. Packer. To press the demand might result in a great deal of sectional ill feeling; and to back down, and acknowledge beat, would not appear well in the papers. And then the probability is, that whether the demand was vigorously pressed, or whether the Executive took the back track, the ultimate result would be the same. Maryland would have her way, as she always has had; for is she not five times as large as Pennsylvania!—And what chance has the little *Keystone* against a state that has ANNAPOLIS for its Capital!

EX COMMITTEE

Will meet on the 4th inst. at the usual hour and place.

FAIR GOODS.

Persons having goods for the Fair which they wish to deliver before the 22nd, will please leave them at Joel McMillan's bookstore. Articles for table use may be sent in at any time, as they will as readily bring their cash value before the Fair, as then. We hope the farmers will bear this in mind, and if they do not, we trust their wives and daughters will refresh their memories.

AN ANNIVERSARY MEETING.

The 1st. Anniversary meeting of the "Ohio State Anti-Slavery Society," which is composed mainly, we believe, of colored persons, will be held at Xenia, Ohio, commencing January 3rd, 1860.

Frances E. Watkins, H. F. Douglass, and several other speakers will be in attendance, and we trust a *very large* number of hearers.

ANOTHER PAPER THREATENED WITH MOB LAW.

It appears from the last number of the "*Peninsular News and Advertiser*," published at Milford, Delaware, that mobocratic threats had been made to destroy the press and office of that paper, and that arrangements for this purpose had been so far perfected, that the editor and his friends had armed themselves, and prepared to defend the property.

The editor, who is a Republican, in a calm and dignified article defines the position of his paper, and the party with which he is connected, clearly showing that Republicanism is not abolitionism; and he attributes the animosity existing against him to the false and slanderous charges of abolitionism circulated by his enemies. The views he holds, he says were the views of Washington, Jefferson, Adams, Monroe, Madison, Clay, and Webster, which we do not doubt, albeit four of the six were slaveholders, and one of the remaining two certainly no better. Among the patrons of his paper—which of course reflect the views of the editor—are "some who are Republicans, *and slaveholders also*!" and to confirm his own soundness by parental antecedents, he says, "Our honored father is himself a Sussex Co. *Slaveholding Republican*!"

We can understand why the *Free South* was mobbed in Kentucky, for that was an anti-slavery paper, and hooted at the idea that fighting slavery extension could do aught to abolish slavery, and affirmed that the principle of chattleism, wherever it existed, must be struck at. Now the *Slave* South had a very excellent reason for putting down the "*Free South*," but why slaveholders should mob, or threaten to mob the *Advertiser*, except through misapprehension of its character, is a marvel. Its object is not to *abolish slavery*, but to *establish Republicanism*. Democrats, as such, might perhaps find some excuse for breaking down an opposition paper even by mob law; but to strive to array slaveholders, as a class, against it is absurd, and impracticable unless misrepresentation be resorted to, for while Democratic slaveholders might be ready to mob it, Republican slaveholders would, of course, stand by and sustain their organ.

THE GLORIOUS UNION.

The following is a copy of the law, which Dr. Howe of Boston, apprehends might operate unpleasantly in his own case if summoned as a witness to Virginia, as well as in the case of all others, who are suspected of holding abolition sentiments. It *does* have an ugly look; but inasmuch as it is necessary for the United States, to have power to compel the attendance of witnesses when ever and wherever needed, how can justice be got along with without this, or a similar law? It is only one of the fruits of the Union; and what shall we say of the tree when we judge it by its fruits!

"ACTS OF CONGRESS OF 1846, Aug. 8th—Chap. 98: That, on the application of any Attorney of the United States for any district, and upon satisfactory proof of the materiality of the testimony of any person who shall be a competent witness, and whose testimony shall, in the opinion of any Judge of the United States, be necessary upon the trial of any criminal cause or proceeding in which the United States shall be a party or interested, any such Judge may compel such person, so required or deemed by him necessary, as a witness to give recognizance, with or without sureties, in his defalcation, to appear on the trial of said cause or proceeding, and give his testimony thereon; and, for that purpose, said Judge may issue a warrant against such person, under his hand, with or without seal, directed to the Marshal or other officer, authorised to execute criminal process in behalf of the United States, to arrest such person and carry him before such Judge. And, in case the person so arrested, shall neglect or refuse to give said recognizance in the manner required by said Judge, the said Judge may issue a warrant of commitment against such person, which shall be delivered to said officer, whose duty it shall be to convey such person to the prison mentioned in said mittimus. And the said person shall remain in confinement until he shall be removed to the Court for the purpose of giving his testimony, or until he shall have given the recognizance required by said Judge."

LATE AND IMPORTANT INTELLIGENCE FROM NEW YORK.

The *Independent*—Beecher's paper, as it is called—says that the Congregational pulpits of New York expose and denounce the sinfulness of American slavery. If is means to be understood literally, we are not prepared to deny it, for we think we have read somewhere of the very stones in the wall crying out against oppression, and the beams of the house testifying against iniquity, and why should not pulpits do as much. But if we are asked to believe that the *occupants* of the Congregational pulpits of New York are preachers of anti-slavery righteousness, we must be excused from complying until our bump of marvellousness has increased wonderfully.

THE LIFE OF JOHN BROWN.

Thayer & Eldridge, of Boston, are about to publish the life of Captain John Brown.

The Harper's Ferry affair has been a fruitful harvest to many pictorial Journals, and to writers whose regard for truth was never much above zero. The country will probably be soon flooded with various volumes, each purporting to be *the* "Life of John Brown." No one should purchase such a work unless entirely satisfied of its reliability. What we need and desire is, a true picture of the old hero; and if we can get it in such form that each sentence will sound like the crack of a rifle, and each page seem a miniature Bunker Hill, so much the better—it will be in keeping with John Brown's character.

Who can so well write the life of Osawatomie Brown as James Redpath, who was with him in Kansas, and fully identified in feeling with the noble object of the old man's life? Had John Brown selected a biographer, James Redpath would unquestionably have been the man; and it is he who is engaged upon the work the firm above named are about to issue.

AID FOR JOHN BROWN'S FAMILY.

It is to be hoped that those who are actively engaged in adopting means to place Brown's family in a comfortable position, *so far as regards* this world's goods, will not forget there are those connected with his companions in suffering and in death, who may be left in a destitute condition.—If we had a voice that could reach to the proper place, we would suggest the appointment of a Committee who should enquire into the necessities of the families of the condemned, and of those who were killed, or self-exiled, and when found desirable that assistance should be given, report accordingly, and take the necessary steps to secure it.

THE GREAT EVENT.

As we go to press on Thursday evening, we are unable to announce in this number of the paper whether Virginia, "being actuated by the Devil," has put to death for his devotion to democratic principles, and for persistence in acting according to the golden rule, the most honest, fearless, and consistent friend of liberty that ever set foot upon her slave-cursed soil.

There are tens of thousands whose hearts, on this 1st day of December, are deeply stirred by the thoughts of the doomed man, who, ere the close of another day, will in all human probability, sleep the sleep of death. And he who is the most deeply interested personally, will be of all, the calmest. He will meet his fate in the quiet spirit of christian resignation, and as composedly lie down in his grave as though to a night's repose. *God bless him.*

THE WESTERN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY adopted resolutions, at their meeting in Salem, on the 6th, eulogizing John Brown as "a true friend of impartial liberty, working out his own convictions of right by means which they believe to be justified of God," and recommending the solemnization of the day of his execution by renewed exertions in the cause.

The *Ohio State Journal*, in which we find the above, would have made a correct quotation if it had said, "by means which *he* believed to be justified of God," instead of *they* believed.

SHORT, BUT SWEET.

At the recent Anti-Slavery Convention, held at Cape Cod, Mass., A. T. Foss offered the following:

Resolved, That the Republican Party is the white man's party. It does not profess to be an anti-slavery party, but only aims to restrict slavery to its present bounds. This party is pledged to sustain slavery where it now is; and we denounce it as unworthy the support of honest men.

Mr. Foss said the Republican party was a party of compromise. We read of Jesus casting devils out of a certain man. Suppose he had compromised with them,—given them the south half of a man provided they would give him the other half. The Republicans ought to be friendly to the anti slavery cause, for they owed to it all their success. They were constantly tapping and drawing off our water, and pouring it upon their wheels to grind out their own party schemes.

MEETING AT ROCHESTER.

A meeting was advertised for the 2nd at Rochester, N. Y. to be addressed by Parker Pillsbury and Abraham Pryne. Those who were in attendance probably heard considerable truth.

HON. H. GRISWOLD, the $250 advocate of Brown, was advertised as one of the speakers at the Brown meeting at Cleveland yesterday. Wonder whether he threw in that speech in consideration of his $250 fee, or if it is to come in as extra.

"SHAKSPEARE AND HIS FRIENDS."

Have you read in another column the 6th annual announcement of the Cosmopolitan Art Association? And have you called at Cheesman & Wright's to see Shakespeare and his friends? If you design becoming a member of the Association there is not much time for delay.

COWARDS ALL!

The following telegraphic dispatches indicate Gov. Wise' idea of a *public* execution—an execution which strangers are forbidden to attend, and which the people of the County are significantly advised to stay away from. Why did he not send an officer to bowstring Brown in his cell, and be done with it?

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 29.—The New York Herald's Harper's Ferry dispatch, in referring to the execution of Brown, says that the most stringent regulations have been adopted in regard to the presence of civilians at the execution. All applications for passes for civilians to attend within the military lines are refused by the Governor, on the ground that it would conflict with the military programme. He said that a civilian could not, under any circumstances, be admitted within the military lines, the outer one of which would be nearly a mile from the scaffold. Not a word of what John Brown may utter, if he should say anything, will therefore be audible to the men forming even the line next to the gallows. Governor Wise stated the cause of this exclusion of all persons other than the military to be, that in the event of an attempted rescue an order to fire on the prisoner will be given, and that those within the lines, especially those sufficiently near the gallows to hear what Brown may say, would inevitably share his fate.

CHARLESTOWN, Nov. 29.—Women and children will not be permitted to approach the scene of the execution, and strangers are cautioned that there will be danger to them on approaching Charlestown or near it on that day. That if it is deemed necessary, martial law will be proclaimed and enforced.

Gen. Talliaferro has also issued a proclamation today announcing that all strangers who cannot give a satisfactory account of themselves, will be promptly arrested. That all strangers approaching Charlestown, by railroad or otherwise, under pretext of witnessing the execution of John Brown, will be met by the military and turned back or arrested.

He also emphatically warns the people of the county to stay at home and protect their property, assuring them that information from reliable sources indicate that by so doing they will best consult their own interests. Several reporters of the Northern Press having arrived at Harper's Ferry yesterday, were compelled by the military to return to Baltimore.

The military now in Charlestown numbers over 1500. Several companies more will be here tomorrow, swelling the number to 2000.

Governor Wise has issued a proclamation announcing that the State has taken possession of the Winchester and Potomac Railroad, and that on the three first days of December it will be used entirely for military purposes. He also warns the people of the State to remain at home on patrol duty on the day of the execution to protect their own property.

The case of one of the several carriage drivers of Pittsburg who were fined by the Mayor for driving their master's carriages to church, came up on appeal before the Supreme Court. The presiding Judge was one whose driver had been fined. The court reversed the decision of the Mayor, basing its opinion upon grounds that will probably be found more expansive than the orthodox observers of the day will fancy.

It is reported, though not on reliable authority, that somebody in Pittsburg *sent an editor a turkey*.

The telegraph brings information of the death of WASHINGTON IRVING, whose name is so inseparably connected with American literature, and whose works have made many a *Sunnyside* as bright as was his own Hudson home.

A batch of counterfeit notes on the Philadelphia bank, purporting to be $50 and $100 bills, and admirably executed have been put in circulation. If they were $5's, or 10's, we might suppose it possible we should be cheated, but $50's, and $100's make us feel perfectly safe.

Judge Daniels, of the U. S. Supreme Court lies dangerously ill, and it is thought will not recover.

The coming Message of the President will only be two thirds as long as his last. Encouraging.

ATTEMPT AT BURGLARY.—Some one who had probably heard of the reputation of Weeks & Co's Broadway Clothing store, concluded on Tuesday night last to help himself to some of its contents. The old proverb did not, however, hold good on that particular occasion, for although the fellow unquestionably proved by the auger holes bored around the bolt of the back door, that there was a *will* to enter, there was not a way, nor did he succeed in making one. Whether he voluntarily gave up the attempt as a bad job, or was frightened from his work, is probably best known to himself. He left behind an inch and a half auger, which he can have by applying for, proving property, and paying for this advertisement.

COMMEMORATION MEETING.

A meeting to commemorate the martyrdom of John Brown was advertised to be held at Alliance, on Friday afternoon and evening. As we go to press before that time, we can make no further report, save that O. P. Brown of Ravenna, was announced as one of the speakers.

In this place, we were unable to obtain a Hall on Friday evening, and will therefore meet in commemoration of the event on Saturday evening the 3rd inst.

CROWDED OUT.

A number of selected, as well as of original articles which we wanted to publish this week, have been crowded out. If our columns were as expansive as the conscience of a politician, we would furnish our readers with more matter.

SEWING MACHINES.

Those of you who claim to be judges of sewing machines will, we think, be pleased with a specimen exhibited in this place, of the West and Wilson patent, because of its simplicity of construction, extent of operation, and excellence of work. Those who wish to purchase, or to examine the machine, are refered for particulars to the advertisement of the agent. We understand that a local agent will be appointed in this place; and the machines sold, will be warranted and kept in order for three years of fair usage.

MEETINGS ON SUNDAY.

We are requested to state that Rev. THOMAS JAMES—a Minister in the African Methodist connection—will preach in the Town Hall, Salem, on Sunday afternoon, the 4th inst., at 2½ o'clock; and will lecture on slavery in the evening at 6½ o'clock. Mr. J. is an Agent sent out by the National Convention for the elevation of the colored people of the United States.

All persons are respectfully invited to be present.

Receipts for the Bugle from Nov. 16, to Nov. 30.

Alva W. Campbell, Garden Grove,	$2 00	to 785
Orange L. Lathom, Welshfield,	2.25	795
Prescott Abel, "	75	762
Richard Ramsden, Salem,	1.50	788
William Negus, Adena,	1.00	771
Robert True, Garden Grove,	1.00	771
David T. Herriott, Hermitage,	4 00	823
John F. Herriott, "	1.50	801
Thomas Thompson, "	1.50	791
Amos Brosius, Mt. Union,	1.50	790
Mary L. Gilbert, Marlboro,	1.50	792
G. L. Gale, Northport,	5.00	940
Joseph Carroll, Jonesville,	1.50	791
P. L. Hinkley, West Union,	2.00	807
Andrew J. Long, Montpelier,	1.50	789
Edward Smith, Palestine,	2.00	806

AGENTS WANTED FOR THE
WEST & WILSON, DOUBLE THREAD
FAMILY
SEWING MACHINE,
PRICE THIRTY DOLLARS.
ALL MACHINES WARRANTED!!

AT MRS. GRIFFING'S Boarding House, Main street, the Machine and its work will be exhibited to all, and those who purchase will be taught how to use it gratis by

H. F. WILSON.
Ag't for Columbiana and Mahoning Cos.
Dec. 3, 1859.

Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago Railroad.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

GOING WEST.

Leave	*Mail*	*Express*
Pittsburg	1.50 a m	1.45 p m
Columbiana	4.31 a m	4.31 p m
Salem	4.58 a m	4.58 p m
Alliance	5.48 a m	5.46 p m

GOING EAST.

Leave	*Mail*	*Express*
Crestline	7.20 a m	6.20 p m
Alliance	12.18 p m	10.38 p m
Salem	12.53 p m	11.13 p m
Columbiana	1.20 p m	11.38 p m

Mail Train arrives in Crestline at 10.15 a m, in Chicago, 10.45 p m.

Express Train arrives in Crestline at 10 15 p m., in Chicago 10.45 a m.

Mail Train arrives in Pittsburg at 3.30 p m.

Express Train arrives in Pittsburg at 2.10 a m.

Cleveland and Pittsburgh Road.

GOING SOUTH FROM ALLIANCE.

For Pittsburgh and Wheeling.

	Mail,	Express,	Accommodation,
Arrive,	11.53 a m		
Leave,	12.08 p m	10.42 p m	7.46 p m

GOING NORTH FROM ALLIANCE.—FOR CLEVELAND.

	Mail,	Express,	Express,
Arrive,			5.32 p m
Leave,	8.38 a m	5.35 a m	5.46 p m

THE FAIR
OF THE
WESTERN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY

Will open on the twenty-third of December, eighteen hundred and fifty-nine, in the Town Hall of Salem, under the auspices of more favor and interest than any Fair hitherto held in this community.

The object of this gathering is already well understood, and we need only add that each succeeding year with its increased guilt of slaveholding, and its sorrowful sacrament of agony and death increases our obligation to the slave, and should give a new impulse to indefatigable and unfaltering labor.

While the Slave in the South writhes and groans in his fetters unheeded by all, and the demand is, more chains for the captives of a foreign shore—while the free north is blushing with shame and dismay at the insult and outrage of a pro-slavery Government, our course is plainly forward and revolutionary. Light, love, and labor only, will secure the unconditional emancipation of the slave.

The results of the Fair are, without exception, appropriated to the dissemination of faithful, radical Anti-Slavery sentiments.

We have already a large assortment of rare fancy goods, and with the liberal aid of our tried and true friends, shall offer our generous patrons the finest display of the useful and the elegant.

JOSEPHINE S. GRIFFING,
SARAH N. M'MILLAN,
SARAH BOWN,
MARGARET HISE,
EMILY ROBINSON,
J. ELIZABETH JONES,
ANGELINA DEMING,
ANN PEARSON,
LAURA BARNABY,
MRS. CHURCH.

TWENTY-SIXTH NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY SUBSCRIPTION ANNIVERSARY,
In the month of January next, in Boston,
1860.

In a year when Americans finds themselves citizens of a country where the African slave trade is going on, and slave-hunting unforbidden, and sheltering the fugitive indicted as a crime, and the leading religious and political influences so dead to this public shame as to discountenance legislative reform, we are confident that we have only to open our subscription in order to be becomingly and effectually sustained by the awakening virtue of the people, in the enterprise to which our lives are given.

We entreat, then, all the friends of Liberty, and and the foes of Slavery, everywhere, in the South as at the North—in Europe as in America—philosophers as well as Christian, Catholics no less than Protestants, to subscribe to a fund and a mode of expenditure which prepares the way before every sect, every party, every association; which makes all other men's anti-slavery labor light, and which has, for six and twenty years, been laying the foundations of many generations, so as to exclude slavery from American institutions, and secure to posterity those blessings of liberty which the last generation passed away without enjoying.

THE UNDERSIGNED, while asking the favor of their subscribers' company, on their customary Anniversary occasion, are impelled by the goodness and the grandeur of the enterprise, by its indispensable necessity, by the universal and fundamental character of its principles, to entreat also the assistance of *all*. The crisis in the nation's life makes the occasion—one which will be worth crossing the ocean to participate in. And while thanking our European friends for their generous co-operation of last year with America, we ask its continuance yet a little longer, till a spirit of devotedness adequate to this great world-enterprise shall have been here awakened.

From this day forward through the year we begin to arrange our efforts, and economize our means, greater or smaller as the case may be, to meet this great national claim: and we desire all who would see slavery abolished, and truth, honor, peace, liberty and safety in righteousness restored to meet us at its close, for cheer, counsel, sacrifice resolve and generous co-operation.

MARIA W. CHAPMAN,
MARY MAY,
LOUISA LORING,
ELIZA LEE FOLLEN,
L. MARIA CHILD,
HENRIETTA SARGENT,
ANNE WARREN WESTON,
MARY GRAY CHAPMAN,
HELEN ELIZA GARRISON,
SARAH SHAW RUSSELL,
FRANCES MARY ROBBINS,
CAROLINE WESTON,
MARY WILLEY,
SARAH BLAKE SHAW,
SUSAN C. CABOT,
LYDIA D. PARKER,
ELIZA F. EDDY,
ABBY FRANCIS,
SARAH RUSSELL MAY,
ABBY KELLEY FOSTER,
SARAH H. SOUTHWICK,
EVELINA A. S. SMITH,
ANN REBECCA BRAMHALL,
AUGUSTA G. KING,
ELIZABETH VON ARNAM,
ANNA SHAW GREENE,
ELIZA APTHORP,
ANNE LANGDON ALGER,
MARY ELIZABETH SARGENT,
MATTIE GRIFFITH,
ELIZA ANDREW.

☞ Editors of journals friendly to the cause are, for its sake, earnestly entreated to oblige us by giving the above invitation an insertion; and our friends everywhere will confer the greatest favor on us, and a benefit to the cause and the country by bringing it to the notice of the friends of Freedom.

AGENTS WANTED,

TO Solicit Orders for our $15, $20, and $22 Patent Sewing Machines. Salary $40 per month, with expenses paid. It is a practical machine for every family; so simple in its construction that a child can learn to run it, and half an hour's experience will enable a lady to operate with it well. Warranted equal to any high priced machines.

Address L. HALE Jr., & Co.,
Newburyport, Mass.
November 26, 1859.-8w.

J. & L. SCHILLING,

Beg leave to announce the opening of their Second Large Stock of

FALL AND WINTER GOODS,

Purchased to accommodate the requirements of cold weather and consequently embraces a full line of

Ladies Winter Dress Goods, Shawls, Cloaks, Hoods, Furs, Gauntlets, Embroideries, Men and Boys' Wear, Blankets, Carpets, Flannels, Ladies and Children's Shoes, &c., &c.

Together with a General Stock of Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, Queensware and Groceries.

All of which have been purchased, owing to the lateness of the season at unusual low rates, and consequently we can sell you many kinds of Goods at enormously low prices.

Thankful for past favors and soliciting an early examination of the above Stock,

We remain yours, Truly,
J. & L. SCHILLING.
Salem, Nov. 10. 1859.

SIXTH ANNUAL ANNOUNCEMENT
CONTINUED SUCCESS OF THE
COSMOPOLITAN ART ASSOCIATION.

From all sections of the country subscribers to this popular Art Institution, (now in its sixth year,) are being received in a ratio unparalleled with that of any previous year.

Any person can become a member by subscribing $3

WHICH WILL ENTITLE HIM TO

First, The beautiful Steel Engraving, "Shakspeare and His Friends."

Second, A Copy of the elegantly Illustrated Art Journal, one year.

Third, A Free Season Admission to the Galleries, 548 Broadway, New York.

In addition to which, over Four Hundred valuable Works of Art are given to subscribers as Premiums, comprising choice Paintings, Sculptures, Outlines, &c., by the first American and Foreign Artists.

The Superb Engraving, which every subscriber will receive immediately on receipt of subscription, entitled

'SHAKSPEARE AND HIS FRIENDS,'

is of a character to give unqualified pleasure and satisfaction. No work of equal value was ever before placed within reach of the people at such a price. The Engraving is of very large size, being printed on heavy plate paper, 30 by 38 inches, making a most superb ornament suitable for the walls of either the library, parlor or office.

It can be sent to any part of the country, by mail, with safety, being packed in a cylinder, postage *pre paid*.

Think of it! Such a work delivered free of charge and the *Art Journal* one year, for *Three dollars*.

SUBSCRIPTIONS will be received until the Evening of Tuesday the 31st of January, 1860, at which time the books will close and the Premiums be given to subscribers.

No person is restricted to a single subscription. Those remitting $15 are entitled to six memberships.

Subscriptions from California, the Canadas, and all Foreign Provinces, must be $3.50 instead of $3, in order to defray extra postages, &c.

Persons wishing to form clubs will apply for a circular of terms, &c.

The beautifully Illustrated Art Journal, giving full particulars, will be sent on receipt of 18 cents, in stamps or coin.

Address,
C. L. DERBY, *Actuary C. A. A.*,
546 and 548 Broadway, New York.

Subscriptions also received by
ISAAC N. WRIGHT, *Hon. Sec., for Salem and vicinity.*

Enlargement
—OF—
M'MILLAN'S
BOOK STORE.

NEW BOOKS, STATIONERY, &C., &C.

A full assortment of Historical, Poetical, Scientific, Biblical, Juvenile, Law, and elegantly bound Gift Books,

SCHOOL AND MUSIC BOOKS,

Wholesale and Retail. A large stock and great variety of Foolscap, Mercantile Post, Bath Post, Commercial Note and Billet Papers of various sizes, plain and fancy. Envelopes, plain and fancy, and all sizes; Unruled Papers, Drawing Paper in roll, Tracing Cloth, Pattern & Tissue Paper, and materials for flowers. Arnold's, Maynard & Noyes, Copying, Carmine, Red and Indelible Inks, Copying Books, Blank Books, Memorandums and Pass Books in great variety. Writing Books, Slate Pencils, Pelton's Outline Maps, Steel Pens, &c.,

Warranted Gold Pens,

Inkstands, Artists' Colors and Brushes, Purses, Pocket Books, Pictures, Penholders, &c. Printers' Cards, Reward and Visiting Cards. A large assortment of Wall Paper; cheap Window Fixtures, consisting of Rollers, Brackets, Cord, Tassels, Oil Cloth, Oil Shades, plain and fancy Paper, all of which the public is invited to call and examine.

"All of our customers, who come by night,
Will see our name in letters of living light."

in the front window. J. M'MILLAN.
Salem, Nov. 5, 1859.

George W. Manley,
AMBROTYPE
AND PHOTOGRAPH ARTIST,
SCHILLINGS' BLOCK, MAIN STREET,
SALEM, OHIO.
Salem, June 23, 1858.

JAMES SMILEY, M. D.

Office and Residence four doors West of WHINNERY & FIRESTONE'S DRUG STORE, South side of Main Street, Salem, Ohio.
Salem, July 31st, 1858.

A RESIDENCE WORTH $600
For Sale for $300.

SITUATED on EAST MAIN ST., NEXT WEST OF ISAAC TRESCOTT'S RESIDENCE.

Enquire of ISAAC TRESCOTT.
Salem, Oct. 1, 1859.

JOB WORK NEATLY EXECUTED.

BLANK DEEDS, Mortgages, Judgment Notes, Executions and Summons for sale at this Office.

Miscellaneous.

From Arthur's Home Magazine.

LITTLE LIZZIE.

"If they wouldn't let him have it!" said Mrs. Leslie, weeping. "O, if they wouldn't sell him liquor, there'd be no trouble. He's one of the best of men when he doesn't drink. He never brings liquor into the house; and he tries hard enough, I know, to keep sober, but he cannot pass Jenks' tavern."

Mrs. Leslie was talking with a sympathising neighbor, who responded by saying that she wished the tavern would burn down, and that, for her part, she didn't feel any too good to apply fire to the place herself. Mrs. Leslie sighed, and wiped away the tears with her checked apron.

"It is hard, indeed it is," she murmured, "to see a man like Jenks growing richer and richer every day out of the earnings of poor working men, whose families are in want of bread. For every coin that goes over his counter, some one is made poorer—to some heart is given a throb of pain."

"It's a downright shame!" exclaimed the neighbor, indignantly; "if I had my way with the lazy, good-for-nothing fellow I'd see that he did something useful, if it was to break stone on the road. Were it my husband, instead of yours, that he enticed into his bar, depend on it, he'd get himself into trouble."

While this conversation was going on, a little girl, not over ten years old, sat listening attentively. After a while, she went quietly from the room, and, throwing her apron over her head, took her way, unobserved by her mother, down the road.

Where was Lizzie going? There was a purpose in her mind—she had started on a mission. "O, if they wouldn't sell him liquor!" These earnest, tearful words of her mother had filled her thoughts. If Mr. Jenks wouldn't sell her father anything to drink, "there would be no more trouble." How simple, how direct the remedy! She would go to Mr. Jenks, and ask him not to let her father have any more liquor, and then all would be well again. Artless, innocent child! And this was her mission.

The tavern kept by Jenks, the laziest man in Milanville—he was too lazy to work, and therefore went to tavern-keeping—stood nearly a quarter a mile from the poor tenement occupied by the Leslies. Toward this point, under a hot, sultry sun, Lizzie made her way, her mind so filled with its purpose that she was unconscious of heat or fatigue.

Not long before, a traveller alighted at the tavern. After giving directions to have his horses fed, he entered the bar room, and went up to where Jenks stood behind the counter.

"Have something to drink?" inquired the landlord.

"I'll take a glass of water, if you please."

Jenks could not hide the indifference at once felt towards the stranger. Very deliberately he set a pitcher and a glass upon the counter, and then turned partly away. The stranger poured out a full tumbler of water, and drank it off with an air of satisfaction.

"Good water, that of yours, landlord," said he.

"Is it?" was returned, somewhat uncourteously.

"I call it good water, don't you?"

"Never drink water by itself." As Jenks said this, he winked to one of his customers, who was lounging on the bar. "In fact, it's so long since I drank any water, that I forget how it tastes. Don't you, Leslie?"

The man to whom this was addressed was not so far lost to shame as Jenks. He blushed and looked confused, as he replied:

"It might be better for some of us, if we had not lost our relish for pure water."

"A true word spoken, my friend!" said the stranger, turning to the man, whose swollen visage, and patched, threadbare garments, too plainly told the story of his sad life. "Water, pure water, bright water! that is my motto. It never swells the face, nor inflames the eyes, nor mars the countenance. Its attendants are health, thrift and happiness. It takes not away the children's bread, nor the toiling wife's garments. Water! it is one of God's choicest blessings! Our friend, the landlord here, says he has forgotten how it tastes; and you have lost all relish for the refreshing, invigorating draught! Ah, this is a sad confession—one which angels might weep to hear!"

There were two or three customers at the bar besides Leslie, to whom this was addressed; and all of them—in spite of the landlord's angry and sneering countenance—treated the stranger with attention and respect. Seeing this, Jenks could not restrain himself; so coming from behind his bar, he advanced to his side, and, laying his hand quite rudely on his shoulder, said, in a peremptory manner:

"See here, my friend! if you are about to make a temperance lecture, you can adjourn to the Town Hall or Methodist Chapel."

The stranger moved aside a pace or two, so that the hand of Jenks might fall from his person, and then said mildly:

"There must be something wrong here, if a man may not speak in praise of water, without giving offense."

"I said you could adjourn your lecture!" The landlord's face was now fiery red, and he spoke with insolence and passion.

"O, well, as you are president of the meeting, I suppose we must let you exercise an arbitrary power of judgment," said the stranger good humoredly. "I didn't think any one had such a dislike of water as to consider its praise an insult."

At this moment a child stepped into the bar room. Her little face was flushed, and great beads of perspiration were slowly moving down her crimson cheeks. Her step was elastic, her manner earnest, and her large dark eyes bright with an earnest purpose. She glanced neither to the right nor left, but walking up to the landlord, lifted to him her sweet young face, and said, in tones that thrilled every heart but his:

"Please, Mr. Jenks, don't sell papa any more liquor!"

'Off home with you this instant!' exclaimed Jenks, the crimson of his face deepening to a dark purple. As he spoke he advanced toward the child, with his uplifted hand in a threatening attitude.

'Please, don't, Mr. Jenks,' pleaded the child, not moving from where she stood, nor taking her eyes from the landlord's countenance. 'Mother says if you would not sell him liquor there'd be no trouble. He's kind and good to us all when he does not drink.'

'Off, I say!' shouted Jenks, now maddened beyond all self control, and his hand was about to descend upon the little one, when the stranger caught her in his arms, exclaiming as he did so, with deep emotion:

'God bless the child! No, no, precious one!' he added, 'don't fear him. Plead for your father, plead for your home. Your petition must prevail! He cannot say nay to one of the little ones, whose angels do always behold the face of their Father in heaven. God bless the child!' added the stranger, in a choking voice. 'O, that the father, for whom she has come on this touching errand, were present now! If there were anything of manhood yet left in his nature, this would awaken it from palsied sleep.'

'Papa! O, papa!' now cried the child stretching forth her hands. In the next moment she was clinging to the breast of her father, who, with his arms clasped tightly around her, stood weeping and mingling his tears with those now raining from the little one's eyes.

What an oppressive stillness pervaded the room! Jenks stood subdued and bewildered; his state of mental confusion scarcely enabling him to comprehend the full import of the scene; the stranger looked on wonderingly yet deeply affected. Quietly and with moist eyes, the two or three drinking customers, who had been lounging in the bar, went stealthily out; and the landlord, the stranger, and the father and his child, were left the only inmates of the room.

'Come, Lizzie, dear! This is no place for us,' said Leslie, breaking the deep silence. 'We'll go home.'

And the unhappy inebriate took his child by the hand, and led her towards the door. But the little one held back.

'Wait papa, wait,' she said, 'he hasn't promised yet. O, I wish he would promise!'

'Promise her, in heaven's name!' said the stranger.

'Promise,' said Leslie, in a stern and solemn voice, as he turned and fixed his eyes on the landlord.

'If I do promise, I keep it!' returned the landlord, in a threatening tone, as he returned the gaze of Leslie.

'Then for God's sake, *promise!*' exclaimed Leslie, in a half despairing voice, '*promise and I'm safe!*'

'Be it so! May I be cursed, if ever I sell you a drop of drink at this bar, while I am landlord of the "Stag and Hounds!"' Jenks spoke with an angry emphasis.

'God be thanked!' murmured the poor drunkard, as he led his child away. 'God be thanked! there is hope for me yet.'

Hardly had the mother of Lizzie missed her child, ere she entered, leading her father by the hand.

'O, mother!' she exclaimed, with a joy-lit-countenance, and in a voice of exhultation,—'Mr. Jenks has promised.'

'Promised what?' Hope sprang up in her heart on wild and fluttering wing, her face flushed, and then grew deadly pale. She sat panting for an answer.

'That he would never sell me another glass of liquor,' said her husband.

A pair of thin white hands were clasped quickly together, an ashen face was turned upwards, tearless eyes looked their thankfulness to heaven.

'There is yet hope, Ellen,' said Leslie.

'Hope, hope! And O, Edward, you have said the word.

'Hope, through our child. Innocence has prevailed over vice and cruelty. She came to the strong, evil, passionate man, and in her weakness and innocence prevailed over him. God made her fearless and eloquent.'

A year afterwards a stranger came again that way, and stopped at the Stag and Hounds. As before, Jenks was behind his well filled bar and drinking customers came and went in numbers. Jenks did not recognize him until he called for water, and drank a full tumbler of the pure liquid with a hearty zest. Then he knew him, but feigned to be ignorant of his identity. The stranger made no reference to the scene he had witnessed there a twelvemonth before, but lingered in the bar most of the day closely observing every one who came there to drink. Leslie was not among the number.

'What has become of the man and the little girl that I saw here, at my last visit to Milanville?' said the stranger speaking at last to Jenks.

'Gone to the Devil, for all I care,' was the landlord's rude answer, as he turned off from his questioner.

'For all you care no doubt,' said the stranger to himself. 'Men often speak their real thoughts in a passion.'

'Do you see that little white cottage away off there, just at the edge of the wood? Two tall poplars stand in front.'

Thus spoke to the stranger one who had heard him address the landlord.

'I do. What of it?' he answered.

'The man you asked for lives there.'

'Indeed!'

'And what is more, if he keeps on as he has begun, the cottage will be all his own in another year. Jenks, here, doesn't feel any good blood for him, as you may well believe. A poor man's prosperity is regarded as so much loss to him. Leslie is a good mechanic—one of the best in Milanville. He can earn twelve dollars a week, year in and year out. Two hundred dollars he has already paid on his cottage; and as he is that much richer, Jenks thinks himself so much the poorer—for all this surplus and more, too would have gone into his till, if Leslie had not quit drinking.'

'Aha! I see; well, did Leslie, as you call him, ever try to get drink here, since the landlord promised never to let him have another drink?'

'Twice, to my knowledge.'

'And he refused him?'

'Yes. If you remember, he said, in his anger, '*may I be cursed*, if I sell him another drop.''

'I remember it very well.'

'That saved poor Leslie. Jenks is superstitious in some things. He wanted to get his custom again—for it's worth having—and he was actually handing him the bottle one day, when I saw it, and reminded him of his self-imprecation. He hesitated, looked frightened, withdrew the bottle from the counter, and then with curses, drove Leslie from his bar room, threatening, at the same time, to horsewhip him if he ever set a foot over his threshold again.'

'Poor drunkards!' mused the stranger as he rode past the neat cottage of the reformed man a couple of hours afterwards. 'As the case now stands, you are only saved as by fire. All law, all protection, is on the side of those who are engaged in enticing you into sin, and destroying your body and soul. In their evil work they have free course. But for you, unhappy wretches, after they have robbed you of your worldly goods, and even manhood itself, are provided prisons and pauper homes! and for your children!—a dark shadow swept over the stranger's face, and a shudder went through his frame. 'Can it be a Christian country in which I live, and such things darken the very sun at noon day?' he added, as he sprang his horse into a gallop and rode swiftly onward.

OUR BABY.

WRITTEN FOR THE OHIO FARMER, BY FRANCES D. GAGE.

Did you ever see our baby?
Little Tot;
With her eyes so sparkling bright,
And her skin so lily white,
Lips and cheeks of rosy light—
Tell you what;
She is just the sweetest baby
In the lot.

Ah! she is our only darling;
And to me,
All her little ways are witty;
When she sings her little ditty,
Every word is just as pretty
As can be—
Not another in the city
Sweet as she.

You don't think so—you ne'er saw her!
Wish you could
See her with her play things clattering,
Hear her little tongue a chattering,
Little dancing feet come pattering—
Think you would
Love her just as well as I do,
If you should.

Every grandma's only darling,
I suppose,
Is as sweet and bright a blossom;
Is a treasure to her bosom,
And as cheering and endearing
As my rose—
Heavenly Father, spare them to us
Till life's close.

NEWSPAPER PUBLISHING.

[We copy the following, that our readers may see what dishonesty some newspaper publishers experience at the hands of their patrons. We hope all of *our readers* can congratulate themselves, that in this respect, they are not as other men are.]

"We have tried the business more than an eighth of a century, and regret to say that our estimate of the aggregate honesty of mankind has been considerably lowered. There is a great deal of latent, undeveloped rascality in the race, and if a man has any of it in his composition he is sure to exhibit it when his newspaper subscription becomes due. When in the last twelve or fifteen years we have been engaged in the newspaper business, we have lost enough money by the rascality of our customers to make a man of moderate desires rich! Many of those who owe us these small amounts, from five to fifty dollars, are rolling in wealth and could pay any day in the whole year if they desired to do so. Many others belong to the migratory tribe, who are here to-day and in Texas or California to-morrow. Others belong to a class quite numerous, who write to editors to send them papers and they will pay when they gather their cotton or something else, but pay day never comes, and finally, after sending their paper four or five years, it is ascertained that they never were worth a snap. Another class of losses grows out of the negligence of postmasters. A subscriber, after taking a paper six months or a year, leaves the country without giving the editor notice, and after four or five years have elapsed, he happens to meet with the postmaster, who most magnanimously informs him that his subscriber has gone to "parts unknown," and if he wishes to get any pay for his paper he had better stop it! Or, after suffering the paper to come two or three years, he writes to the editor that for the second or third time he will inform him that the paper is not taken out, &c. These losses, and various others we might refer to absorb the profits of the business to such an extent as greatly to discourage those who are engaged in it.

"Although we have had our full share of non-paying subscribers, and have been worse swindled than any other publisher we know, we take much pleasure in saying that we have on our books the names of many gentlemen whose punctuality through a long series of years—always paying in advance—entitles them to be rated as the "salt of the earth." Oh, for an increase of the number.

"Occasionally some one long in arrears, moved by a tardy sense of justice, pays his long standing indebtedness. We regret that these cases are so rare."

An Extraordinary Advertisement.—The following advertisment appeared in an evening paper much read by legal gentlemen. The advertiser must not have had a very exalted opinion of New York lawyers:

TO PROFESSIONAL MEN.—Wanted, a shrewd, intelligent, energetic lawyer, to go to Milwaukie, Wis., to undertake a matter of business which promises very large contingent remuneration. He must be a man of resoluteness, coolness, and intrepidity, with nerves of steel, heart of stone, and face of brass, and possesses considerable experience in railroad matters, and especially in the manner of approaching and bribing the judiciary. He must give a good and sufficient guarantee that he will carry out, practically, the principles of "honor among thieves," and under no circumstances whatever disclose the names of his employers. In all other respects the more unscrupulous the better. With a person possessing the above qualifications the most advantageous arrangements will be made. Address———, Albany, or ———, Troy, N. Y.

From the Atlantic Monthly for November.

LARVÆ.

My little maiden of four years old
(No myth, but a genuine child is she,
With her bronze-brown eyes, and her curls of gold)
Came, quite in disgust, one day, to me.

Rubbing her shoulder with rosy palm,—
As the loathsome touch seemed yet to thrill her,
She cried,—"Oh, mother, I found on my arm
A horrible, crawling caterpillar!"

And with mischievous smile she could scarcely smother,
Yet a glance, in its daring, half-awed and shy,
She added,—"While they were about it mother,
I wish they'd just finished the butterfly!"

They were words to the thought of the soul that turns
From the coarser form of a partial growth,
Reproaching the Infinite Patience that yearns
With an unknown glory to crown them both.

Ah, look thou largely, with lenient eyes,
On whatso beside thee may creep and cling,
For the possible beauty that underlies
The passing phase of the meanest thing!

What if God's great angels, whose waiting love
Beholdeth our pitiful life below,
From the holy height of their heaven above,
Couldn't bear with the worm till the wings should grow.

TEMPLE OF MINERVA.

When the Athenians built the Temple of Minerva, a statute was wanted to place on its top. A poor mechanic was induced by his friends to compete for the prize with a favorite and wealthy sculptor of noble birth. The day came for raising the stone—that of the patrician was unveiled, and rapture of applause greeted the revelation. But it was in truth so small that as it ascended its beauty disappeared, and when it reached the top it seemed but a shapeless block. The statute of the poor mechanic was next unveiled. It seemed huge and uncouth, and resembled nothing divine or human. But as it ascended, its apparent deformity disappeared; it grew more and more comely, and finally, when it reached the top, it seemed animate with divine beauty and life. The poor mechanic won the laurel, and was borne off amid the shouts of the multitude.

Tahiti.—A census of the Island of Tahiti has just been made. The population was found to be nearly 6000 souls. The births had outnumbered the deaths during the past year. The depopulation of Polynesia is checked for the present.

From the N. Y. Evening Post.

LAYING DOWN THE KINGDOM.

BY J. E. ORTON.

So Thomas is going to get married,
To bring home a bride, a young wife.
He has said it himself, and he never
Deceived or joked me in his life.

When William got married it gave me
No thought of regret or surprise;
For the boy seemed just made for a woman—
To live in the light of her eyes.

And when Clara was wed to the Southron—
Though Clara, my daughter, was dear—
And removed to the fair Rappahannock,
It cost but a sigh and a tear.

But Thomas, my staff and my eldest,
Seemed never to care for the girls.
So proud, like the oak, to surrender
At last to soft eyes and soft curls!

Since John died—six years ago Christmas—
Our Thomas—he's always the same—
With more than the strength of his father
Has stayed up the house and the name.

I never once thought he could marry,
So kingly, so firm, and so kind—
Ah me! tears will come: they are needed;
For my old eyes, indeed, *must be blind*.

He tells me I'm getting so aged,
I need more repose, more fresh air;
So a daughter he'll bring me to lighten
My burthen of labor and care.

Ah me! He may think so; he brings me
A mistress, it must be, instead.
The sceptre must pass to another,
And I to my grave, or my bed.

But, hold! It is well. O my father!
Help me to subdue my proud heart.
I have reigned like a queen; but 'tis over;
And another of right takes the part.

I yield her my empire for ever:
And, Thomas, I'll love *all that's thine*.
Thy chosen shall have all *her* honors,
As I've always had all of mine.

Come hither, my little man, Tommy,
Come hither, my rosebud, my Jane!
You are Grandmama's darlings and treasures—
Her pearls hung about her again.

Not Papa, Uncle Will, nor Aunt Clara—
So grand and so sweet when she comes—
Ever gave me one-half of the pleasure
Of these little *sproutlings* of Tom's.

They have kisses and cheer in the morning;
They have kisses and cheer all day long;
And their sports, and their griefs so alarming,
Which always are cured with a song.

They know where to find a consoler:
As little birds fly to their nest,
They climb Grandma's knees for a cover,
And always find peace on her breast.

Jefferson's Religion.—When Mr. Jefferson was asked respecting his religion, his memorable answer was: "It is known to God and myself.—Its evidence before the world is to be known in my life; if that has been honest and dutiful to society, the religion which has regulated it, cannot be a bad one."

THE ATALANTIC MONTHLY.

BEGINNING OF THE FIFTH VOLUME.

In assuming the control of the Atlantic Monthly, its new proprietors deem it scarcely needful to spend many words in assurances or promises. The congratulations and good wishes they have received from all parts of the country seem to justify them in the confidence that their own character as publishers will be accepted by the numerous readers and friends of the Magazine as a warrant that they will do everything in their power to increase its interest, to enlarge its circle of attraction, and to raise its standard of ability in all departments.

They think it proper to say, simply, that no change will be made in the general character of the magazine; that all the writers whose contributions have established it in the popular favor will continue to make it their medium of communication with the public; and that the relations of the publishers with authors on both sides the Atlantic will enable them to add materially to the variety, interest, and value of its pages.

The Atlantic has never been, and will never be, a *sectional* journal. Its publishers acknowledge no parallels of latitude in the Republic of Letters; and, while they will judge of any article offered them, not by the source whence it comes, but by its own intrinsic worth, they will at the same time endeavor to maintain its character as a periodical in which earnest thinkers may find expression, unhampered by fear of that narrow censorship which what is loudest, but not deepest, in Public Opinion would fain establish.

Terms.—Three Dollars *per annum*, or twenty-five cents a number. Upon the receipt of the subscription price, the publishers will mail the work to any part of the United States, prepaid. Subscriptions may begin with either the first or any subsequent number. The postage of the Atlantic is thirty six cents a year, if prepaid.

The pages of the Atlantic are stereotyped, and back numbers can be supplied.

Clubs.—For Ten Dollars the publishers will send five copies of the Atlantic for one year, the subscribers to pay the postage.

Clergymen, Teachers, and Postmasters will receive the work for Two Dollars a year.

Booksellers and Newsmen will obtain the terms by the hundred, etc., upon application to the Publishers.

TICKNOR & FIELDS,
135 Washington, corner of School St., Boston.

THE ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE,

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY, AT SALEM, OHIO, by the Executive Committee of the Western Anti-Slavery Society.

TERMS.—$1,50 per annum payable in advance.

☞Communications intended for insertion, to be addressed to Benjamin S. Jones, Editor.

Orders for the paper and letters containing money in payment for the same, should be addressed to Ann Pearson, Publishing Agent, Salem, Columbiana County, Ohio.

☞Money carefully enveloped and directed as above, may be sent by mail at our risk.

☞We occasionally send numbers to those who are not subscribers, but who are believed to be interested in the dissemination of Anti-Slavery truth, with the hope that they will either subscribe themselves or use their influence to extend its circulation among their friends.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

One Square (16 lines) three weeks,	$1,00
" " Each additional insertion,	,25
" " Six months,	4,00
" " One year,	6,00
Two Squares six months,	5,00
" " One year,	8,00
One Fourth Column one year, with privilege of changing monthly,	12,00
Half Column, changing monthly,	20,00

☞Cards not exceeding eight lines will be inserted one year for $3,00; six months, $2,00.

J. HUDSON, Printer.

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AT

No. 832 South Street, below Ninth,

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April 2.–1y. $2p'd.

J. Heaton,

OF THE

"SALEM EXCHANGE,"

Is now in receipt of a FULL STOCK of

FALL & WINTER GOODS;

Everything in the line of Dress Goods—Fashionable Dress Silks, Bonnets and Bonnet Ribbons, Rich Plumes, Dress Trimming, Morene Skirting, Celebrated Skeleton Skirts, Corsets, Buckskin and Gauntlet Gloves, Fleecy-Woolen and lined Hosiery, Fall & Winter Shawls, Very Large Assortment Broche Shawls, also, a Heavy Stock Domestic Muslin from 6 cts to 12 cts. House Furnishing Goods and Carpets Carpet Chain Cloths, Casinets, and Cassimeres, Clothing Ready-Made and Made to Order; Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Salt, Sole Leather, Fish, Queensware, Groceries and Hardware. WANTED:—Any quantity of Butter and Eggs, for which the highest cash price will be paid; also, Hides, Wool, Pelts and Dried Apples.

Salem, Nov. 5, 1859.

THOMAS SHARP, HENRY KING.

SALEM IRON WORKS

SALEM, COLUMBIANA CO., OHIO.

SHARP & KING,

MANUFACTURERS OF

IMPROVED STATIONARY AND PORTABLE

STEAM ENGINES,

Improved Circular Saw-Mills and Mill-Gearing of all descriptions, Machinists' Tools for all purposes. Gear Cutting done to order on New and Improved Principles. A goood assortment of Superior Rubber Belting for sale at the lowest cash prices.

Particular attention given to the construction of Machinery for Flouring Mills—both Steam and Water.

We have provided ourselves with a Gear-cutting Machine, which enables us to cut gearing 6½ feet in diameter, and under, and 10 inch face, and under, also to fill core wheels and dress the teeth with the same machine, which insures accuracy and uniformity in the teeth. Dressing cogs in this way is less expensive and more accurate than doing it by hand. We will warrant our gearing to run almost as still and smooth as belts.

☞Cash paid for old Iron, Copper and Brass.

May 14, 1859.–1y.

BROADWAY

CLOTH & CLOTHING HOUSE,

SALEM, COLUMBIANA CO., OHIO.

[SIGN OF THE AMERICAN FLAG.]

The Largest and Cheapest Clothing House in the country! Our large assortment of Men's and Boys' Clothing is all of our own make, and made up of Goods bought directly of the Manufacturers and Importers, and all articles are Guaranteed as Represented to the purchaser. Our stock of Furnishing Goods comprises everything in the line of Men and Boys. We have constantly on hand a large and varied assortment of Seasonable Piece Goods of Every description, adapted to Men's and Boy's Wear, which we will sell by the yard, or make up to order in a superior manner. It is well known that our Cutter, Mr. Cowen, stands unsurpassed in his profession, and that we keep the best workmen to make up our work. Our motto is "*Ready Pay—Quick Sales and Small Profits!*" Goods received from the East weekly. Fashions received monthly.

N. B.—We have opened a House at

ALLIANCE, STARK COUNTY, OHIO,

in the new and elegant store-room, west end of the Buckeye House, where Goods can be bought at the same low rates as at our house in Salem.

We thank the Public for their past liberal patronage and shall use every exertion to merit its continuance and increase.

H. WEEKS & Co.,
Sign of the American Flag.

May 14, 1859.

NOTION AND VARIETY

STORE!!

Please call and examine our stock of Dry Goods and Notions, DeLaines, Prints, Bleached and Brown Muslins, Chitzes, Ginghams, Drillings, Bleached and Brown Cotton Flannels, Plaid, Striped, Plain, Swiss Mull and Book Muslins, Friend's Book Muslin Hdk'fs, Shirt Collars, Baby Flannels, Gents' and Ladies' Hdk'fs, Hosiery of all kinds, Gents' and Ladies' Gloves, Knitting Cotton and Woolen Yarn, Pocket Books, Porte Monnaies, Ladies' Reticules and Fancy Purses, Sheet Wadding, Cotton Batting, Ladies' Gauntlets, Woolen Hoods, Grenadine for veils, Needles, Pins, Cottons, Tapes, Bonnet Ruches, Silk Oilcloth, Corsets, Skirt Supporters, and Notions of all kinds. We call particular attention to our present stock as it is the most attractive stock that we have ever been able to offer to our numerous friends, customers and the public generally. Store, one door west of M'Millan's Book Store.

E. E. BARR.

E. E. BARR.

Salem, Oct 22, 1859.

1860. 1860. 1860.

"*It is the duty of every citizen of this Great Republic to foster and encourage native genius and American enterprise.*"—Dan'l Webster.

THE

"GREAT REPULBIC"

MONTHLY:

A Magazine devoted entirely to the elevation of American authorship, wholly national, in no wise sectional or sectorial; having for its motto the words of the great statesman:

"NO NORTH, NO SOUTH, NO EAST, NO WEST:"

having nothing to do with politics, aiming only at the highest in ART, LITERATURE and SCIENCE, and employing the best writers in every branch, is again before the American public, seeking its support.

This Magazine is now finishing the first year and drawing near the close of the SECOND VOLUME, and has met with unparalleled success.

THE THIRD VOLUME

Will commence with the number for January, 1860 which will be issued early in December, 1859.—Every number will be splendidly illustrated in the highest style of art. Among the numerous contributors engaged for the coming year are the well known and distinguished authors:

Fitz Green Halleck, Seba Smith (Jack Downing,
Orestes A. Brownson, J. T. Headley,
Geo. P. Morris, Geo. D. Prentice,
Wm. Gilmore Simms, Alice Carey,
Park Benjamin, Mrs. Kirtland,
John G. Saxe, Hannah F. Gould,
Mrs. Oakes Smith, Phebe Carey,
Calhoun McKenzie, Mrs. Ellet,
M. F. Maury, &c., &c., &c.

In the January number will be commenced the most strikingly original novel of the day, entitled

THE PROPHET;

OR, SCENES OF BORDER LIFE.

By Elizabeth Oakes Smith.

There will also be commenced in an early number of the volume a most startling and intensely interesting original novel, entitled

THE SLAVER OF THE COAST;

OR, THE AFRICAN TRADER.

By Calhoun McKenzie.

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Young gentlemen and young ladies, all over the country, are invited to get up clubs upon above terms.

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